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ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN ELEGY.

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THE name Elegy is derived from the Greek, *eleos*, a mournful song or dirge. It seems reasonable to suppose that the first attempts at elegy were employed in composing inscriptions for the tombs and monuments of the dead. The origin of this species of composition is involved in obscurity, and must have been contemporary with the earliest ages, from the natural desire felt by people of all nations to pay the tribute of praise and regret to those whom nature and friendship had endeared to them; to those whose talents had excited the admiration of their fellow-citizens; or to the warriors who bled on the field of battle for the welfare of their native land. These distinguishing marks are the most original and obvious elements of the elegy. This was its nature in ancient Greece, and the genius of antiquity still appears in the Myriologues, which the Greeks of the present day utter over the couch of the parent, relation, or friend, whom they deplore. Even mothers, themselves, says the learned interpreter of the popular songs of modern Greece, repeat their Myriologues over their children who die at an early age, and frequently in these artless little essays display considerable pathos and elegance. In them, the innocent victim is deplored under the emblem of a flower, a tender plant, a little bird, or any other natural object that can interest the imagination of a mother, or please her by the supposed similitude. These mournful dirges are composed and sung by the women. In like manner, modern Greece has her elegiac songs for the warriors that fall in the field of glory; but these compositions breathe an energetic grief that elevates the courage of the survivors, and supplies them with the most ardent motives to heroism, at the same time that they express the tenderest feelings of the heart. The misfortunes of a family or an individual, are not the only themes of the ancient elegy. It frequently deplores the calamities of an entire nation, and it then rises to a loftiness of sentiment and expression that borders on the enthusiasm of the lyric muse. Tyrtaeus, Callinus, Mimnermus, and Solon, composed heroic elegies; the first, to revive the energy of the Spartans; the second, to deplore the wars that desolated Ephesus and Ionia. In spite of a law that made it capital to remind the Athenians of the taking of Salamis by the Megarians, Solon, by means of a few verses that take their title from that island, which he recited in public, succeeded in rousing the military ardour of his countrymen to such a degree that the law was instantly repealed, and the war renewed with more warmth than before. Such an example of sudden success on so peculiar an occasion constitutes one of the most glorious triumphs of poetry, when genius, elevated by the spirit of patriotism, assumes the tone and energy of a providential and celestial mission. But these compositions, so remarkable for their prodigious effects, are unknown to posterity, or have come down to it merely in fragments. The lapse of time has been equally fatal to the songs of the elegiac muse, in which the poets of Greece, after deploring public calamities, descended to describe the sorrows, symptoms, transports, and illusions of the passion of love.

If we receive the testimonies of tradition, we must regret the loss of the compositions of Simonides, Philetus, Mimnermus, and Callimachus, as well as of the other poets who followed their steps. Many cities contended for the honour of giving birth to the poet Mimnermus, a species of glory which he shares with the renowned father of epic poetry. Being desperately in love with a female called Nanno, he was unsuccessful in his pursuit, and, under the impression of disappointed love, he composed those elegies, the beauty and pathos of which have been so highly eulogised by Athenæus. Philetus and Callimachus flourished together at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The former was a native of the island of Cos, and his countrymen, proud of his poetical glory, erected a statue of bronze to him in their city. Propertius invokes Philetus and Callimachus as the inspiring gods of his verses, and proves, by his invocation, that these two poets, that were his models, were capable of raising elegy to the sublime strains of the ode.*

The poet of Ceos, in his charming and pathetic compositions, carried to the highest perfection the art of exciting feelings of pity, and his elegies were, on that account, styled, 'The Tears of Simonides.' The fragment of his, which has been preserved by the critic Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, excites a sensation of regret for the loss of his other poems. It describes Danae tossed about on the seas; and exposed with her tender infant in a frail bark, to the fury of the storms. The child Perseus, wrapt in the arms of sleep, hears not the thunder of the waves, and, as he reclines on his purple couch, Danae watches over him, and in a strain of prayer, that can only issue from a mother's heart, she implores Neptune to hush the winds, and invokes Jupiter, as the father of her child. In this composition, which is rather short, the poet introduces the confusion of the elements, the tranquillity of the babe Perseus, asleep in the midst of surrounding danger and destruction, the tenderness and the apprehensions of a mother, and, by their means, forms a contrasted scene of the utmost beauty and sensibility. In the class of elegies, we may also place two funeral songs, one of which is on the death of Adonis, by Bion, and the other, on that of the latter, whose loss is most pathetically deplored by Moschus, his disciple and his friend. The former of these pieces is not totally divested of a species of literary luxury and false refinement; but still the feeling of grief penetrates through the veil: the latter is the effusion of an overflowing heart.

We should confine the merits of the elegy within too narrow limits, were we not to include within its sphere some very choice passages from the most eminent poets. Even in the lofty epic of Homer, we discover the frequent traces of the elegiac muse; we find more numerous instances of the same kind in Virgil; and when, in Milton, we read the plaintive lamentations of Adam and Eve for the loss of Paradise, where innocence and happiness were combined, we witness the pathetic powers of the poet. But the tragic poets of Athens supply the most frequent proofs of the inspiration of the elegiac muse. Such, for instance, as Æschylus has displayed in the 'Septem contra Thebas,' in the true style of Simonides, in a scene where Ismene and Antigone, in conjunc-

tion with a chorus of the Thebans, deplore alternately the death of their brothers, and in the very sight of their lifeless bodies. Besides, the tragedy of the 'Persæ' presents us with a heroic elegy; when, in the presence of Atossa and her court, the chorus utters the most plaintive accents for the loss of the army of Darius, led to destruction by the vain and senseless Xerxes. The prayer that opens the tragedy of the 'Septem contra Thebas,' has also some very fine touches of the pathetic, in an address to the Gods to avert the horrors of an impious war. But, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the elegiac pathos is to be found in the opening chorus of Æschylus's 'Agamemnon.' It begins with a thanksgiving to Jupiter, the protecting divinity of hospitality, the God that has overthrown the towers of Troy, to punish Paris for a breach of that most sacred duty of humanity. From this fundamental idea branch out numerous moral maxims, the expression of the conviction felt by the unanimous consent of all nations, to whom the catastrophe of Troy holds out an awful lesson. Helen is described as setting out and holding forth the signal of a tremendous war; she carries to her new country the dowry of desolation, and the prophets and seers of that devoted people appear in mourning at her approach. But such is the power of female beauty, that her image reigns triumphant in the palace, and predominant in the heart of her lover, whose slumbers are haunted with bitter remorse, as well as amused with visions of love and bliss. In the mean time, anxiety and alarm prevail in the abode of Menelaus; and the confederated armament of Greece, having quitted its shores, spreads melancholy and dismay over every Grecian heart. The tenderest connexions are torn asunder; and, in their room, the frightful prospect of ashes and urns is expected to appear. Mars leaves no remnant for return, but the residue of the funeral pile. The Greeks murmur not; but, in the silence of their hearts, they perhaps curse the vindictive fury of the haughty sons of Atreus. But the youth of Greece, the flower of the plains, are doomed to find their graves under the walls of Ilium, and the hostile ground becomes the tomb of the victors.

What renders the Grecian tragedy so tender and affecting, is the Elegiac strain that prevails throughout the whole composition, and that relieves the swell and pomp of Melpomene, by the natural simplicity of the language of grief, that is so well adapted to its character. Nothing can be more affecting than the last farewell of Ajax, when he is on the point of bidding adieu to life with his sword in his hand,—when he solemnly prays to Jupiter, that Teucer may be the first that shall meet the dead body of his friend; when he conjures Mercury, the messenger of the dead, to convey his shade in peace to the regions below; when he addresses the Furies, those eternal virgins, whose eyes are incessantly open to the woes of humanity, and whom he wishes to become his avengers with the Atreidae. The address to the Sun is, likewise, very pathetic; and, while, in the same style, the hero appeals to death, to his country, and to friendship, and is ready to fall upon his sword, he casts a last, lingering, and painful look on all surrounding nature, the wonders of the heavens, and all the objects that awaken the most tender, as well as the most awful sensations.

* Lib. i., Elegy 1.

When we pass from the classic regions of Greece to the sterile land of Judea, we naturally expect to find the elegy assume a new and different character. Among the Hebrews, the plaintive tone of elegy was severe and awful; and, surrounded with all the emblems of mortality, it bewailed the misfortunes that overspread that fatal land. Occasionally, however, it assumes a softer tone, and clothes its sentiments with imagery, in which tender and affecting compassion prevails. But, when it enlarges on the ills of life with the piercing accents of wild and outrageous grief, when, delivered over as a prey to the devouring pangs of conscience, it bursts into expressions of despair and wrath, it would be in vain to inspect the books of other nations to find terms more bold and energetic, or more impressive on the feelings of man. What can be more terrific than the complaints of Job, mingled as they are with sensations of bitterness and sorrow. His frightful curses on the night that gave him conception,—on the day that brought him to light; his yearning after the eternal silence of the tomb; in short, every thing combines to exhibit that originality which makes the Jewish nation an exception to the rest of mankind, and which separates their literature from that of every other nation by such steep and rugged boundaries, as imitation will never attempt to surmount.

The greater part of the Psalms are also elegies, which are frequently admirable for their feeling and simplicity. That which represents the Israelites as exiles from the dear land of their forefathers, and beside the waters of Babylon, insulted by their oppressors, who ask them for songs of triumph and merriment, while they are sinking under the burthen of slavery, is the most sublime of all the songs that the love of country has ever inspired. There is not one idle expression in its composition; every thing is brief, rapid, and pointed, and hardly is the dart discharged when it pierces the heart. The harps that in the Holy City resounded the praises and the power of the Most High, were sorrowfully suspended on the branches of the willows that grew on the banks of the Euphrates. This circumstance alone, so simple and so affecting, most powerfully attest, the miseries into which the wretched Israelites were plunged. The psalm concludes with a burst of rage against Babylon, and affords another symptom of the genius of that singular tribes which detested all other nations, and was itself an object of abhorrence with them.

But, though imprecation is the figure which, perhaps, abounds most in these sacred writings, yet in the books of the prophets we meet with several mournful dirges on the disasters of Jerusalem. Among this inspired tribe, Jeremiah undoubtedly takes the lead. He is the prince of the Hebrew Elegiac poets, and he seems powerful enough, as Bossuet has well observed, to render his expressions equal to the calamities themselves. In him we meet with the afflicting portrait of all the miseries that can befall an entire people. We see Israel delivered over to captivity,—its princes expelled by the victors, like herds of cattle,—Jerusalem given up to pillage, stripped of its inhabitants, and reduced to the lowest abyss of disgrace and ignominy. Even the common necessities of life are denied to the inhabitants of the Holy City; its priests groan in anguish, its virgins are the victims of wailings and lamentations, and its mothers are doomed to devour the produce of their wombs. In the midst of this misery, when all the horrors of war, famine, and slavery combine against the people, there is no consolation expressed; nothing occurs but insult and contempt, and the power of the sword that is bathed in blood. Yet, under the hands of this great painter, every thing is alert and alive; the paths that lead to desolated Sion are overspread with tears, because no one now comes to witness its holy solemnities.

In these effusions, it is not the artifice of composition that prevails, or the studied arrangement of words, or the felicity of diction, that seem to grow out of Grecian literature, as the natural products of that soil. No—we must not look into the Bible for uniform elegances, the artful contrivance of transitions, and the charm of novelty, kept up both in sentiment and style, but for an abrupt energy, a noble disorder that would be the last effect of art, if it was not essentially the effect of nature, the boldness and grandeur of the imagery, the interest and bustle of the drama, and that all-invigorating exertion of imagination that bestows on every thing a *body*, a *soul*, a *spirit*, and a *countenance*. Where can we find an elegy more noble, tender, and affecting, than the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan? Like the speech of Evander, in Virgil, expressive of his forebodings about his son, whom he sends to battle with Æneas, this composition seems to proceed from a mother's heart.

Among the Hebrews, the elegy never belied its sublime character of deploring the miseries of the country, or the bitter disappointments of friendship wounded in the tenderest point, so far as to give in to the degradation of devoting its lyre to love. But, among the Romans, it was sacrificed to that passion, the joys and sorrows of which it celebrated and described in the style of the elegiac poets of Greece, whose works, though lost to us, revive, in a certain degree, in the compositions of their ingenious and docile pupils.

Catullus is not, properly speaking, an elegiac poet, as he has not those genuine emotions of the heart, and those occasional bursts of tenderness, that constitute the charm of the verses of Tibullus. The lover of Lesbia has, besides, left us only, as testimonials of his love, a small number of petty pieces, which are rather pretty madrigals, than plaintive elegies. This term cannot certainly be assigned to the piece that commences thus:

'Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas,'

which seems to express the feelings of an incurable, unrequited passion. But Catullus is still more affecting, when he bewails, with every expression of nature, the death of a brother that was dearer to him than his own life.

Tibullus and Propertius are, among the Roman writers, the true models of amatory poetry. The verses of the former breathe all the fire of love, and all the care and accuracy of his composition are no drawback on his poetical inspiration. The name of Cynthia is the only one that echoes to the lyre of Propertius; still, it seems, he was unsuccessful and unhappy in his choice. He is constantly engaged in a strain of lamentation, and his complaints weary the reader by their monotony and want of spirit. Yet Propertius, in the opinion of most readers, divides the elegiac sceptre with Tibullus, the lover of Delia, who has elevated that branch of poetry to a degree of dignity in celebrating the Eternal City, that Horace has attained in lyric poetry, when he soars above the sublimity of Pindar. Tibullus, though less ardent and impassioned than his rival, is more tender, delicate, and natural; and he succeeds in inspiring sympathy into the hearts of his readers, by its charms of his diction, and the sweet melancholy of his sentiments. In Tibullus, love is not a matter of art, as it is in Ovid; it becomes a passion full of grace, purity, and candour. He delights in painting the charms of a country life; he intermingles with his more sprightly sallies, occasional mention of death, as Horace also frequently does; he seems to take pleasure in alluding to the last moments of his existence, and to anticipate the tears which the close of his days must cause. He seems to sigh after the repose of the tomb, instead of deriving, from the agreeable philosophy of Epicurus, a fortitude to bear up against that cruel law of nature, which allows man only an hour upon earth. But in this delineation of moaning and mourning, Ti-

bullus softens the heart, and draws from us 'tears that delight.'

Nature seems to have gifted Ovid with every quality of a poet, yet he frequently deviates from her inspirations into false wit, affectation, and bad taste. He is the brilliant bard of pleasure and voluptuousness, in his 'Art of Love'; but, in his 'Heroic Epistles,' he catches the true tone of elegiac poetry. Much art was requisite to avoid the tediousness and monotony of such subjects, yet it must be acknowledged that Ovid frequently succeeds in the attempt. In his 'Tristia,' which spring from the heart of the poet, one would think that he would reach the perfection of elegy; but unhappily, the sensations arising from banishment, an insufferable evil among the ancient Romans, seems to have dried up all the sources of his genius; for he is forced, cold, and unnatural, and he expresses his grief in a manner to induce us to imagine that he felt it not. We must exempt, however, from this censure, his poetical parting adieu to his family when he was quitting Rome. But it is truly lamentable to behold this victim of despotism, frequently kissing the hand that smote him, and heaping the basest adulation on the vile tyrant that injured him; and, in this light, all the interest that might attach to the sufferer, is lost in the indifference felt for a person so totally destitute of dignity and spirit. However, the elegy that was occasioned by the death of Tibullus, proves Ovid to possess all the beauties and refinements of the art.

Perhaps the palm of elegiac poetry, under its most commendable form, should be assigned to the Bard of Mantua, as his poetry affords that deep impression of tenderness and melancholy which constitutes the charm of elegy, and would have bordered on the perfection of Christian morality, if he had devoted his talents to this mode of composition. The plaintive lamentations of a shepherd, driven from his native fields, in the first pastoral, which so delighted that excellent judge Fenelon, the second and the tenth eclogues, which display, with so much nature and eloquence, the tortures, sufferings, and delirium of unrequited love, give some weight to this opinion, as does likewise the charming passage on the death of Marcellus, and a multitude of other beautiful parts of the 'Æneid.'

In the fine ode of Horace on the death of Quintilius Varus, there is every beauty of the plaintive elegy, which

'Sait, les cheveux épars, gemir sur un cercueil.'

It is a matter of no importance that the poet invokes Melpomene at the commencement of his mournful strains. This ode is not only a splendid tribute of tears and regrets to the memory of a departed friend of Horace, but also a consolation to Virgil, the tender and affectionate Virgil, who lost, in the same person, the warmest and the dearest of his own friends.

We have detained the reader so long with the ancients, that we must reserve what we have to say on the elegiac poets of modern times for another article.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

A General Biographical Dictionary, containing a Summary Account of the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Nations, previous to the Present Generation. By John Gorton. 2 vols., 8vo. pp. 2150. 34s. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

THERE is prefixed to the 'Biographia Britannica,' a very particular account of the different historical or biographical dictionaries that had been published before its own appearance. Most of these were either very defective in the information they contained, or were too voluminous for general use. The latter objection may be justly made to the 'Biographia' itself, which, valuable as it is, is only known to the generality of

readers by the reference made to it in smaller works, or in the compilations of local historians. Several other publications, however, have appeared at different times, containing more or less biographical information, and compiled with different degrees of accuracy and caution. But, useful and necessary as such works undoubtedly are or occasional reference, there are not, perhaps, any which can be properly regarded in that light when employed either as summaries by the historical student, or as fit sources of information for the careful inquirer. Frequently compiled in haste, and composed of materials which have been put together without examination, they are seldom to be found containing accounts full enough for the one, or sufficiently substantiated for the other.

The great uses of biography as a science are, its exemplary influence, its illustration of the different branches of ethical study, and the assistance which it affords the general historian. Every memoir, according to its particular subject, will be of service in one or the other of these respects, when properly composed. But it may be easily seen, that, in regard to the two former purposes which this species of composition is intended to serve, it requires a wide scope and very ample materials. Without these, it can neither develop character, nor afford examples. Its individual portraits will be too minute to show any likeness, and yet too roughly traced to be studies of human nature in general. They will want every thing but the dimensions of the figures, and only be of use to those who view them in that light. Compilations of short memoirs, therefore, such as biographical dictionaries, are to be regarded only as useful works of reference. When they are put into the hands of a student as of value in any other respect, or are consulted upon any doubtful point of a celebrated man's moral character, or particular conduct on some difficult occasion, they are improperly employed, and seldom answer any good purpose. Our reason for making this observation is to point out what seems to be the objects at which the editors of such works ought to aim. An account of the productions of the different authors mentioned; an accurate notice of dates, and of the periods during which the individuals flourished, whose names are introduced; a concise narrative of the events of their lives, unmingled with speculative observations, and a full and frequent reference to original sources of information—these appear to be the legitimate objects of such publications, and those which, when obtained by judicious management, render a biographical dictionary a work of real utility and importance. In what degree it departs from its proper character, as a work of occasional reference, and pretends to give original views of events or persons, it becomes amenable to a different kind of examination, and will be found imperfect, unless containing all the features of a complete biographical library. This, of course, ordinary dictionaries cannot do; and, consequently, their estimates and summings up of good and bad qualities, the praise and blame awarded to the individuals mentioned, and the attempts made at the delineation of their different characters, are for the most part either ill founded, or so apparently unsubstantiated, that no reader ought to establish his judgment upon what is thus asserted. In a history, or regular memoir, the student is furnished with the means of deciding on the merits of a character himself, or of comparing what the writer says with the inferences that seem to belong to the facts related. But when, at the close of a notice, the compiler of a Biographical Dictionary asserts this or that of some celebrated personage,—when he gives the character of a statesman, decides on the truth or hypocrisy of a religionist, or concludes the short memoir of an author by a summary criticism on his style, &c.,—the reader is obliged either to take the opinions started without further inquiry, or have recourse to other sources of information to prove their correctness.

It is from a neglect of this consideration that so many publications of the kind are totally unworthy of a place on the book-shelves of any attentive reader. Pretending to give information which works of their description are unfitted to afford, they are generally deficient in that which it is their proper purpose to supply. In point of accuracy also, they are not frequently to be depended upon, and it is often easier, and always safer, to gain the information required by applying at once to original sources. Another cause of frequent imperfection is an attempt at giving too many notices, and a heaping together of names without regard to the limits which both the size and nature of these works impose. The consequence of which has been, a considerable degree of confusion in some parts, an abridgment of information where it was most wanted, and an importance given to objects which hardly deserved attention. In these respects, however, the editor of the publication before us has acted with good sense and caution; and we cannot give a better idea of his undertaking and of its merits than by quoting the part of his preface which refers to his efforts in avoiding errors of the kind referred to.

'Great pains have been taken to supply the required information in a spirit of well-principled but manly impartiality; and for this purpose the whole has been rewritten. Professions of this sort, in relation to an abridgment, may be held superfluous; but some very pitiable instances of the contrary might be supplied from kindred works, and possibly from none more than that which at present takes the lead in this very department. This fault, which is sometimes attributable to the spirit of party, often to religious predilection, and not unfrequently to individual peculiarity, is perhaps more injurious in a work constructed for the conveyance of accurate general impressions, than in those of greater detail, in which the matter itself not unfrequently corrects the false bias of the writer. At all events, it is particularly uncongenial with a Biographical Dictionary, both as tending to produce a disproportionate attention to one or two classes of character, and a prejudiced neglect of others of sterling merit. An attempt has therefore been made to preserve the requisite impartiality, without the sacrifice of a single just claim to the approbation of any party, or to the encouragement of all—always employing the word *party* in its best sense, and excluding mere intolerant and interested factions on all sides.

'Several inquiries having been made in respect to the principle of the selection, during the progress of the work, it may not be amiss to supply a little information on the subject in this place.

'First, as to lives which are essentially *historical*, our readers will understand that the compilers have selected those only, in which the character of the individual distinguishes him from and amidst the transactions in which he was engaged. It is evident, for instance, that to sketch the majority of the lives of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen, would be only to supply a vague summary of public events; for which, after all, the limits would be as insufficient as the detail would be unsatisfactory. In regard to these reigns and certain other characters of our own country, we have, however, departed from this rule, because in reference to them a portion of information may be useful to the English reader, which would be altogether unprofitable, if extended to a similar description of personages in other places. In a word, regarding Biography as a species of individualisation, we confine ourselves to those historical lives only, in which the individual stands forward on his own account, and claims attention for something more than mere station.

'We have also been called to account for our omission of *scriptural* lives. Our chief reason is, that the almost exclusive source of information on this head, setting aside rabbinical tradition, is in the hands of every one; and that its connexion with divinity, and various other circumstances, renders scriptural biography a department of itself. Nor are we alone in this omission, which, doubtless, for similar reasons, has taken place in almost every other abridgment as well as in our own.

'In respect to the fabulous personages of the mythology and poetry of Greece and Rome, concerning which we have also been questioned, it is enough to say that they are sufficient of themselves to fill, and really do occupy, a work as large as that proposed. A few chieftains and heroes may possibly possess some claim to a real historical existence, but it is difficult to

draw a line; and, regarding our labours as dagged for practical benefit, the occupation of our pages with doubtful matter of this nature would be clearly unprofitable.—Pp. iv., v.

We must do Mr. Gorton the justice to say, that he appears to have executed his task in perfect conformity with the sentiments he has expressed in his preface. It would be false to say that we have not discovered a tendency to peculiar opinions in some of the articles; but there is so much fairness in the manner with which every thing is stated that seems to militate against them, and so little of any thing that belongs to the evil feeling of party spirit, that no work, perhaps, of such a varied character could be found executed with such fairness and honesty. In respect to the usefulness or literary merit of this publication, it deserves to be considered, so far as the view we have taken of its contents enables us to judge, as superior in several respects to those which have preceded it. We have already expressed our opinion as to what ought to be the object of such works, and this we think obtained by the one before us. It would be preferable, as we before said, in speaking of the subject generally, if no attempt were made at characterising men, or their works, when little opportunity is afforded for judging of the truth of the opinions started. The faults, what few there are in the very useful publication we are noticing, may all, perhaps, be traced to this source, and they, of course, will be considered faults or the contrary, according to the particular views of different readers. Mr. Gorton's publication is altogether one of great excellence, calculated to be useful to a large number of students, and deserving extensive popularity. We may also mention, that it is sufficiently large to contain every thing necessary, but not too extensive for the ordinary purposes of study, filling, in this respect, an open space in the fields of biographical literature.

THE POETICAL ALBUM.

The Poetical Album, or Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry. Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 395. 12s. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.

THIS volume contains two title-pages, one of which bears the names of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 1825, the other those of its present publishers. We learn from the preface, that it was prepared for publication so early as 1824, and that the delay in its appearance was occasioned by the failure of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, in the hands of whose assignees it has ever since remained. The engraved title is embellished by a beautiful sketch of the Fountain of Castaly, on Mount Parnassus, by Mr. Williams, the author of 'Views in Greece.' The book contains nearly four hundred pages of letter-press, and in printing and paper is a very favourable specimen of English typography.

'The Poetical Album' differs materially from all the other selections which we have seen during the last few years, by its including among its contents the flowers of poetry which have blushed almost 'unseen' on the desert pages of comparatively obscure periodicals, while the general practice has been to draw only from well-known sources, and from volumes whose popularity already places them in every one's hands. Mr. Watts has studiously avoided the adoption of such pieces as were likely to be introduced in any collected copy of their author's works; and, in turning over his volume, we meet in every page something new from old favourites, and something valuable from new acquaintances. We may add that some of the brightest names amongst our British poets have contributed to enrich the pages of 'The Poetical Album'; Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Rogers, Coleridge, Croly, Wordsworth, L. E. L., Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, Crabbe, Bowles, Montgomery, Miss Baillie, Barry Cornwall, and many others, are

all to be found in the list of quoted authors; but to us even *these* are not so pleasing as the verses from the pens of writers less known to the public.

At the head of the latter, we must place the 'Four Sketches from Dover Castle, during a Storm' by the author of 'Rouge et Noir'; 'Lines to a Dying Infant,' by Miss Bowles; 'Lines written in Richmond Church-yard,' by G. Hubert Knowles; 'A Farewell to England,' by J. Richie; 'To the spirit of Poetry,' by J. S. Clarke; 'The Village Church,' by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham (the celebrated Vicar of Harrow); 'Gypsies,' by the Rev. J. Beresford; 'Stanzas written on the Sea-Shore,' by Miss Jewsbury; 'The Ship' by Malcolm; and some pieces by Doubleday Driver, Fitzadam, and others, which our limits prevent us from including in our list.

It is time, however, to offer a specimen, and as the first, we select the following anonymous lines, which first appeared, we believe, in a northern newspaper:

The Northern Star.—Written at Tynemouth, Northumberland.

"The Northern Star
Sailed o'er the Bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea:
In the morning grey
She stretched away—
'Twas a weary day to me.

"And many an hour,
In sleet and shower,
By the light-house rock I stray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark
Of him that's far away.

"The church-yard's bound
I wander round,
Among the grassy graves;
But all I hear
Is the North wind drear,
And all I see, the waves!"

"Oh! roam not there
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the fruitless tear!
Thy plaint of woe
Is all too low—
The dead, they cannot hear.

"The Northern Star
Is set afar,
Set in the raging sea;
And the billows spread
O'er the sandy bed,
That holds thy love from thee!"

The lines below are, we believe, quite unknown to the public:

'Night.—By E. Elliott, Esq.

'Night! thou art silent; thou art beautiful;
Thou art majestic; and thy brightest moon
Rides high in heaven, while on the stream below,
Her image, glimmering as the waters glide,
Floats at the feet of Boulton. There no more
The green graves of the pestilence are seen;
O'er them the plough hath passed, and harvests wave
Where haste and horror flung the infectious corpse.
Grey Wharcliffe's rocks remain, still to out-live
Countless editions of the Autumn leaf.
But where are now their terrors? Striga's form,
Of largest beauty, wanders here no more;
No more her deep and mellow voice awakes
The echoes of the forest; and a tale
Of fear and wonder serves but to constrain,
Around the fire of some far moorland farm,
The speechless circle, while the importunate storm,
O'er the bowed roof, growls with a demon's voice.
The poacher whistles in "the dragon's den;"
Nor fiend, nor witch fears he. With felon foot
He haunts the wizard wave, and makes the rock,
Where spirits walk, his solitary seat;
Th' unsleeping gale moves his dark curls; the moon
Looks on his wild face; at his feet, his dog
Watches his eye; and, while no sound is heard,
Save of the booming Don, or whirling leaf,
Or rustling fern, he listens silently,
But not in fear.—At once, he bounds away;
And the snared hare shrieks, and quivers, and is still."

To these we subjoin the following stanzas, which first appeared in 'The Belfast Northern Whig,' from the pen of a young man named M'Carthy, now no more.

'Napoleon Moribundus.
Sume superbiam
Quesitam meritis.'

'Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest's wave.

'As far from the stretch of all earthly control
Were the fathomless depths of my mind,
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

'Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled,
Shall seem to re-echo my name.

'That name shall be storied in records sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth:
Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,
In the glorified land of my birth.

'My airy form on some lofty mast
In fire-fraught clouds shall appear,
And mix with the shriek of the hurricane blast
My voice to the fancy of fear.

'Yes! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea,
It would burst from a narrower tomb—
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be,
Whose mandate to millions was doom?"

From these specimens it will be seen, that many of its selections are from sources little known to the public, though well deserving preservation in a permanent form. Since its compilation, in 1823, a great deal has been written, which, of course, the editor could not include in the work before us; but, in a second volume, which he is now preparing, he proposes to bring down the series of fugitive poetry to the present date.

CLASSIFICATION OF WINES.

Classification and Description of the Wines of Bordeaux: to which are prefixed, Notices of the History and Culture of the Vine, Process of Making Wine, &c. By M. Pagnierre, ancien Courtier de Vin. 12mo, pp. 158. 5s. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London. 1828.

'If sack and sugar be a sin,' says honest Jack Falstaff, 'God help the virtuous!' and we cry amen to that 'sweet prayer' of the 'tun of man.' So long as 'the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;' so long as pain succeeds pleasure and sorrow joy; so long will some stimulus be necessary to mankind to drown the pangs of sorrow, and to satisfy the cravings of a natural thirst. Blessings, say we, therefore, on the man who first invented wine, and may he too have his 'exceeding rich reward,' who teaches the young vine how to shoot, and the grape to yield its juicy fragrance.

Among those who thus deserve well of their kind, M. Pagnierre, the author of the treatise at present before us, stands pre-eminent. This gentleman is a retired wine-broker, resident at Bourdeaux, whose life has been spent in obtaining that knowledge which he now gives to the public. That this was a species of information much wanted in this country, no one will be hardy enough to deny, and here in a small portable volume, at the moderate price of five shillings, we have the result of years of inquiry and experience as to the propagation, management, and culture of the vine, the principles on which wines are classed in growths, and the causes of difference in quality and value. Nor is this all. The process of making red and white wines—the ripening, preservation, racking, and sulphuring, are largely treated of, and the state in which wine is exported to the different markets clearly described; added to this, we have in the work before us, a description of the red and white wines of Bourdeaux, and several appendices, giving a general classification of the wines of France, with

tables of the quantities imported into Great Britain, and the North of Europe, and the cost at which such importations have been made.

But we have too long detained the reader from the work itself, and we think the following account of the manner of making the red wine will be acceptable to all those—and they form the majority—who have never been in a wine country.

'Before beginning the vintage, it is necessary to be assured that the fruit which is to be gathered has attained the proper and necessary maturity; for on this almost always depends, in a great measure, the quality of the wine.

'The vine-dresser or cultivator is liable to fall into one of two errors, which, though very different and opposite to each other, are not less hurtful to the wine, especially to the red, which is more delicate and susceptible of injury in making, than the white.

'If the proprietor gathers his crop too soon, and before the grape has attained to the fit degree of maturity, he is likely to make raw (*vert*) wine, which is the greatest fault it can have, and the most difficult to correct: the wines having this defect becoming generally hard when old. This happens often when the summer has been cold and rainy, which retards the shoot; as also when, at the epoch of the vintage, the rains prevent the grapes from attaining the due degree of maturity and perfection which is necessary to make good wine.

'The other error, though of less consequence, is leaving the grapes till they are too ripe, which may then rot before gathered. The wine made from them acquires a sweetish taste, which causes it to work a long while in the barrels, and renders it sour and difficult to keep. The wine attacked by this vice requires greater care than any other; for, if neglected ever so little, either in the racking or filling, it easily becomes sour. However, it is better to gather late than too soon. The vine-dresser, too, ought to seize the proper time when the vine has come to perfect maturity, to gather the grapes so as to make good wine.

'The wine, if it has succeeded, ought to be clear, transparent, of a fine soft colour, a lively smell, and balsamic taste, slightly piquant, but agreeable, inclining to that of the raspberry, violet, or mignonette, filling the mouth, and passing without irritating the throat, giving a gentle heat to the stomach, and not getting too quickly into the head.

'The proprietors of the vineyards, after having prepared the wine-vessels, and cleansed and rinsed them with spirits of three-sixths * or with brandy, gather the grapes together, and pick them. This is done as soon as they are gathered. Their first care is to make a principal vat of the best fruit, which is called the mother cask (*cuvée mère*), into which, after picking, they put the first and best grapes which arrive, till they are from fifteen to twenty inches deep; after which, they throw about two gallons of old Cognac or Armagnac upon them, and then another bed of picked grapes, followed by two gallons more of brandy, and so on till the vat is full. When full, they throw two or four gallons of spirits of trois six, according to the size of the vat, taking for proportion about four gallons 3-6ths for a wine-vat from thirty to thirty-six tons.

'In the very bad years, such as 1816, 1817, or 1826, the crop not being able to ripen, and the juice unable to enter into fermentation, it was necessary to excite it by artificial heat from chafing dishes, &c.; but this seldom happens.

'The *mère cuve* being filled, it is shut hermetically, and is well covered with blankets, in order that the air may not penetrate. This vat is left in this state for three weeks or a month without being touched; taking care to visit it from time to time in case of accident. A small brass cock is put in the side of the vat, at about the height of a third of its depth from the bottom, in order to be able to judge at will of the progress of the fermentation, and to know the moment when, the ebullition having subsided, it may be racked off and put into casks, prepared beforehand by scalding and rinsing with a little spirits of trois six.

'It is known that the liquor is fit to be drawn off, when it has become cool and is sufficiently clear.

'While the *mère cuve* is at work, the vintage is continued in the usual manner; i. e. as the grapes are brought in and picked, they are trodden in the press, and put with their stalks into the vats, where the fermentation takes place naturally. These vessels are not entirely filled; about one foot or fifteen inches are

* *Espirit de trois six*, is spirit of wine of the highest proof.

left for the fermentation, which sometimes overflows, especially when the vintage has attained perfect maturity.

The vintage being finished, and the vats covered lightly, they are left to ferment, taking care to visit them twice a-day. To rack them, you must wait till they are quite cold, which is from eight to twelve days.

The following observations on the important art of bottling wine, of the customs of various countries in this regard, and of the manner in which wines are worked, mixed, and flavoured for the English market, we deem particularly worthy the notice and attention of the English reader:

OF BOTTLING WINE.

This operation should take place in fine weather, if possible in March or in October; because at these two epochs the wine being clearer, we are more certain of its not leaving any sediment in the bottle; and this, especially for the choice wines, which ought to remain long in bottle before being used.

Before you bottle off a barrel, you must force it with seven or eight whites of eggs, very fresh, or with isinglass fining prepared for the purpose; after which, you must leave it to repose ten or fifteen days, according to the weather, taking care to keep the cask always close and well bunged, or, to avoid the inconvenience of filling it up, the bung may be put to the side, immediately after the operation. It will clarify as well, and in this state you must draw it off into bottles.

N.B.—Great care must be taken to keep the bung-hole clean during all this time, for fear of the egg, which may stick to it, becoming mouldy, and giving a taste to the wine.

To force properly, the number of eggs must be in proportion to the quantity and quality of the wine, as also to its age. The common and new wines require more isinglass than the fine and old ones, because these last are much freer from tartar and dregs; besides, if too many eggs were put to the old wines, not only would take away too much of the colour already faded by age, but would deprive them of a part of their flavour and smell. It must also be observed, that, when the wines are racked off, or put into bottles, they lose momentarily great part of their flavour, which evaporates during the operation. This ought not, however, to give any inquietude, because, the casks once racked off, the wine regains its flavour in about a month or six weeks; and, in bottles, as it is in small quantities, its primitive qualities return in all their vivacity at the end of five or six months.

Each country has its customs. In France as in Holland, every one wishes for natural wines; and it is for that reason that Holland imports her wines from France upon the lees, in order to manage or take care of them after the manner of the country.

In the north, especially in Russia and Prussia, experience has taught men to prefer importing wines from France at two or three years old, because they are already freed from the greater part of their dregy and tartar.

In England, every one being long accustomed to drink strong Port wines, Madeira, and heady Spanish wines, the pure wines, such as we gather them, are not so much esteemed, because they are found, in comparison with the others, not sufficiently strong tasted, and too cold. Our natural wines, however, are infinitely preferable for the health, to the spirituous, heady Spanish wines; the Bordeaux wines especially are highly recommended by the faculty for the sick, and those menaced by consumption, or suffering from inflammation in the chest.

But, in order to give the Bordeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal which are used in England, to render them of the taste preferred in that kingdom, from the effect of long habit—the greatest part of our wine merchants who trade with England, are obliged to work them, that is to say, to mix them with other wines by means of a particular operation. This is the reason why in general the wines shipped for England are not pure, and can no longer be known to be the same, when compared with those which remain at Bordeaux, such as they are produced in the Department of the Gironde. The operation consists in mixing a certain quantity of Hermitage, and other kinds of fine strong wines of the south, which give fire to the Claret, but which render it dry when old, turn it of a brick red colour, and cause a deposit of sediment when it has been some time in bottle.

When, by the effect of mixing several sorts of wines, a working or fretting results which might injure the quality, they take some mineral crystal, reduce it to powder, and put an ounce into each barrel, beat up

with a proper quantity of isinglass, and rack off the wine about fifteen days after, when it has got clear, and has entirely ceased to work.

To give odour (*bouquet*) to the wine, they take two drams of orris-root (*racine d'iris*) in powder put into a fine rag, and let it hang about fifteen days in the cask; after which it is taken out, because the wine has then acquired sufficient odour; you may also, if desired, put the powder into the barrel, beat up with fining, and fifteen days after it may be racked off.

Many persons, to make wine appear older and higher flavoured, and at the same time to prevent the injuring its quality, employ raspberry brandy, (*esprit framboisé*): in this case the dose is two ounces for each cask; this spirit is well mixed with the wine, and fifteen or twenty days after, the wine has acquired a certain degree of apparent maturity, which is increased by a kind of odour which this mixture gives it.

The bouquet which by these means is given to the common or ordinary wines, never replaces perfectly the natural flavour which distinguishes our choice wines of Medoc and Grave, which ought to embalm the palate. It is very easy to distinguish the fictitious bouquet which has been given to the wine, if you have ever so little habit of tasting; for the smell of the *iris* as well as the raspberry, always predominates in the wines which have been worked, and forms a striking contrast with the natural flavour of the same wines.

The following description of Barsac, a wine much used in England, will be appreciated by those who relish it:

These wines are distinguished by their strength and their flavour in good years; they are generally lively and sparkling, and unite, with these good qualities, a great deal of mellowness. Russia, and all the north, consume them; so does England. The first growths in High Barsac, are, Coutet, Madame de Filhot; after come Bineau or Roborel, Perrot, Dumirail, Veuve Dubos, Dubos, Mercier, and Saluces de Laborde. All these wines differ in price, 15 to 20fr. The qualities inferior to them are in great number, and differ in the price from 50 and even 100fr. per ton below above-mentioned. They may be put in bottle after four or five years, where they improve; but, if they pass ten or twelve years, they grow hard and dry.

The following account of the prices at Bordeaux, with the accompanying observations, will give the reader some slight insight into the mysteries of the London wine trade:

Average price, charged by the first houses at Bordeaux, per hhd. for first growth wine of a prime vintage	£ s. d.
Insurance and freight	50 0 0
Landing charges	1 8 6
Duty, at 7s. 3d. per gallon	0 2 5
Bottles, corks, wax, &c.	16 13 6
	4 19 0
Interest, expense of premises, &c. to time of sale, 8½ per cent.	73 3 6
	6 4 4
	£79 7 10

This sum (equal to about 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* per dozen) is, then, what the wine actually costs the importer before he can bring it to market; but, as he must have a profit on his business, he should get something more than this, even when the wine is sold immediately; and, if he keep it to acquire age, he must, besides, be paid for his risk, and the locking up of his capital, as well as all the other charges affecting his business.

If what is here stated be just—and we think it cannot be proved to be otherwise—it must be a mere delusion in any person in this country to suppose he can get first growth wine of a fine vintage, below the rate current among respectable merchants. It is true that, at this moment, we may purchase at Bordeaux, from some shipping houses, warranted *Chateau Margaux vintage 1825*, at 1000 francs per hogshead; but, as it is perfectly well known that the whole produce of that estate was sold immediately after the vintage at very nearly that price, and that, after near three years' keeping, 1000 francs is a fair price for good third growth wine, we may judge what degree of confidence can be had in such warranters and their warranty.

As we said above, there are many excellent wines in Medoc which are sold cheap, not because they are not good, but because they are not the sorts on which fashion or taste have stamped an artificial value. When our increased intercourse with France shall have made us better acquainted with these, and reconciled us to the use of good wine, though of a little known growth, our wine merchants will be enabled to turn more of their attention to them, and we shall then be supplied with them, under their own proper names, at a fair

price, instead of having them cooked up with Hermitage or Beni Carlo, and passed off upon us as noted growths at cheap rates.

Let the reader mark this well, and let him follow the advice of Dr. Johnston, as to the purchase of tea, in the matter of wine also, in the thorough conviction that a cheap is seldom, if ever, a good article. In conclusion, we say, let us have good wine, whatever be the cost.

WOLFF'S MISSIONARY JOURNAL.

Missionary Journal of the Reverend Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews. Comprising his Second Visit to Palestine and Syria, in the Years 1823 and 1824. 8vo, pp. 392. 8s. James Duncan. London, 1828.

Among the remarkable individuals with whom modern times are acquainted, Mr. Wolff holds a prominent station. The events of his early life have been as varied and singular as ever chequered the career of the most adventurous existence. His youth and the first years of his manhood were past in the painful and hazardous struggles of a proselyte; in establishing the convictions that induced him to forsake the religion of his forefathers, and preparing himself to attack the system which he conceived held them in a deplorable state of darkness. His mind was as singularly constituted as his situation was strange and difficult. It was active; determined in its search after truth, but tinged with a deep and overpowering enthusiasm. Had he, therefore, been placed under the most favourable circumstances, his character, there is little doubt, would still have presented many of the remarkable features which at present distinguish it. But on his conversion to Christianity he was without guidance, and was confounded by the most erroneous views of its nature that could be given. He became a Roman Catholic, was a second time the recusant of his profession, wandered from one country to another, not only as a citizen of the world, but as, perhaps, the only man in Europe, proclaiming at once his belief in the religion of Scripture, and his determined independence of all sects, creeds, and professions without exception. With these opinions this singular man came to England, and took up his residence at Cambridge. While staying there, we happened to have an opportunity of seeing him in contact with men of a very different description to himself, and the University hardly presented at the time a more curious spectacle than this converted Jew and Catholic, and unsectarian Christian, pursuing his studies surrounded with all the circumstances and scholastic pride of established Protestantism and academical pomp. Mr. Wolff, however, did not become a member of any college, but was prepared for his intended journey to the East by two or three persons, among whom was Professor Lee, who favoured his views. His attainments appear to have been considerable in all the different branches of knowledge that have any reference to the great objects of his pursuit. They are not of a kind to be judged of by many persons, and the peculiar character of his mind, as well as the subjects on which it is employed, prevent their being fairly estimated; but no man not possessed of more than ordinary intellectual strength, ever freed himself from such a crowd of errors as those which successively surrounded Mr. Wolff; and, curiously varied as is the Journal before us, it contains evidence of very extensive and careful research, carried on with the diligence of a well-prepared understanding. Independent, however, of the author himself, this publication is well worth the attention of the general reader. There is none from which so good an idea can be drawn of the actual state of the Jews, in the venerated but lost land of their fathers; and, though much of the matter will be uninteresting and tedious to persons not sympathising with the writer in his zeal and particular opinions, the volume will be found to possess enough of what is curious and useful to the careful observer, to repay the trouble of a

perusal. Our first extract will present an example of the strange superstitions of the modern Jews, belonging, it will be easily seen, to their rabbinical traditions:

'I ENGAGED Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz to spend with me the whole night once more, to teach me the mystery of the Shem-Hamforash, with which the Jews say that our Lord performed all his miracles, and with which Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz and Rabbi Mendel pretend to be able to perform miracles. Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz often boasted that he gained much money by it: for at Constantinople (and why not at Jerusalem?) he cured a mad man, for which he got 1500 piastres. I declared, however, that I had no belief in it, and that I should never make use of it to perform a miracle, to gain 1500 piastres at Constantinople, but that I wished only to know the secret of it. As the Rabbies pronounce a horrible *anathema*, against those who reveal the secret of the Shem-Hamforash, to any except to Rabbies, Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz would only comply with my wish, in the night time. He told me, however, that I might mention it to you in England.

'His wife entered my room during the evening, and said to her husband, "O Rabbi, may you live, O my love, a hundred years! I am afraid that, by your spending the night with Rabbi Joseph, (so I am called by the principal Jews of Jerusalem,) the whole congregation of Israel, in the holy city (may it soon be established and built again!) may talk about it."

'Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz said to his wife, "Go home, my love, and live a hundred years; and let the whole congregation of Israel talk about it: I am Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz; one word of mine will surely silence the whole congregation of Israel. Go home, my love, and sleep very sweetly."

'His wife went home, and Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz made me acquainted with the Shem-Hamforash, the Ineffable Name, which is as follows:

'In order that you may now understand the whole secret of it, I must, in the first instance, mention to you, that every one of the following verses contains, in the original, 72 (seventy-two) letters:

"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them.

"And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night.

"And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." See Exodus, ch. xiv. 19-21.

'When I write the names of the letters, which compose the name, Jehovah, (יהוה), and add up the numerical amount of the whole, the sum total is like the number of the letters in the three verses above mentioned; that is, 72 (seventy-two).

'If one puts together the first letter of each of the words above mentioned, the 19th verse of Exodus xii. will appear, and if one puts together the last letter of every one of the above-mentioned words, Exodus xiv. 21 will appear; and if one takes from the end to the beginning, the middle letter of every one of these words, Exodus xiv. 20, will appear, and this is the mystery of the Shem-Hamforash.

'When Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz told me that he cured, by the Shem-Hamforash, a madman at Constantinople, he observed, that Rabbi Solomon Sapira could confirm the truth of the fact. I asked Rabbi Solomon Sapira whether it was true that Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz cured a madman at Constantinople, by the power of the Shem-Hamforash?

'Rabbi Solomon Sapira observed, that he knew that there was a madman at Constantinople who gave money to Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz, but he knows not whether he was cured by him. The book in which the Shem-Hamforash is printed, is called *Sepher Rasiel*, which Adam received from the angel Rasiel. On the title-page of that book, the following words are contained:—"This is the book which the first man has received from the angel Rasiel. And this is the gate of the Lord, the righteous obtain by it the highest degree in the house of the Lord, and become united with the glory of God. It is for the house of Israel the beloved, for the wise and the man of understanding, a blessing and a benediction; and, if applied, it ex-

tinguishes fire which was laid, so that it cannot break out in one's house, and it is against ghosts, and the plague, so that they cannot abide in one's habitation, and it produces the effect, that, in time of trouble, help approaches, and one is able to explore hidden treasures of gold and silver. Printed in the house of Moses Ben Ayeshish, Amsterdam.' Pp. 11-14.

We should have quoted some of the remarkable conversations which the author held with his people, but they are either too long, or too desultory for our purpose. They are, however, strikingly illustrative of the writer's mind, and of the singular sentiments prevalent among the persons he addressed. At first sight, they may probably appear as the vague and idle babblings of an enthusiast on the one side, and the ignorant dreamings of superstition on the other. But the careful reader will find them valuable for the light they throw on the character of the Jews in general, and some of the peculiarities of their history. We regret, therefore, being obliged to pass them over for more detached passages of the Journal. Among these the following will be found interesting:

'Excursion to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho.

'June 3.—Brothers Fisk, King, and three other German travellers, and myself, set out for the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah stood, and the Jordan and Jericho. We took with us two soldiers from the Governor of Jerusalem, and arrived the first evening in the convent of Mar Saba, which is occupied by Greek monks, and some Abyssinians who turned to the Greek religion. Mar Saba is erected, according to the observation of the superior of the convent, in the very ravine of the brook Cedron. The superior told us, that the convent was founded in the time of Justinian, thirteen hundred years ago, by Mar Saba, a pious anchorite. The skulls of those Christians who died for their faith, in the time of Omar, are still preserved here. And unto this time, Muslims are treading under foot the blood of Christ, and are shedding the blood of his saints! How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints, that were slain for the word of God?

'Sheich Ahmed, an Arab, arrived in the night, accompanied by a dozen armed men, to accompany us as a guard; for Bedouins pay but little respect to Turkish soldiers; we agreed, therefore, that he and four other Arabs should accompany us.

'June 4.—We set out at a quarter before seven in the morning, and rode with our Turkish soldiers, and the wild and free Arabs, over rocky mountains. On the summit of one of them we saw an edifice, which the Turks visit and venerate as the tomb of Moses. Mr. Fisk received from the Greeks the following account of the origin of this tradition. In the time of the Greek empire, a convent was erected on the place by a holy man, whose name was Moses, and his name, as was common in such cases, was given to the convent. When the Muslims took the country, they mistook St. Moses for the Prophet Moses, and have ever since made pilgrimages to the place. At half-past eleven we arrived at the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah stood. We tasted the water, and found it nauseous and bitter beyond any thing we ever tasted. I read there to the German travellers Matthew xi. 11-24. At half-past two we arrived at the Jordan, where the Greek pilgrims usually visit it, and where the Israelites passed over it, opposite to Jericho. I read to the German travellers Joshua ii. iii., and to myself alone the fourth chapter of Joshua; again with the Germans Matthew iii., and then I dipped myself in the Jordan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and prayed for the conversion of the Jews. Before I left Jerusalem, I sent word to the principal Rabbies of Jerusalem, that I should, if the Lord should grant it, pray for them at the river Jordan. Brothers King and Fisk swam across the Jordan, and took a walk in the plain of Moab, in the inheritance of Reuben; I then read again in my Hebrew Bible, and in the little Bible which dear Mr. Simon gave me. The whole country around is a desert inhabited by wild Bedouins!

'At six o'clock we arrived at Jericho. We took up our lodgings for the night, men and horses altogether, in an open yard of the castle. The whole number of inhabitants amounts to three hundred souls. The Arabs here around us are true genuine Arabs, who are as free and wild as their desert. I asked one of the Arabs, Which do you like best, the city or the desert?

'Arab.—I am the son of the desert, I am not the son of the city!

'We arose early in the morning, at half-past five, and left Jericho for Jerusalem. Instead of proceeding directly for the mountain, we turned to the west, in order to see the mountain on which Christ is said to have fasted. On our way we came to a stream of pure running water, and followed it to its source. It issues from the earth at no great distance from the foot of the mountain Quarantania, and, dividing its waters into two principal streams, supplies Jericho, and waters the plain, which in this part is very fertile. This is the fountain of Elisha.—See 2 Kings ii. 19-22. The Arabs call the Dead Sea Bahar Loot, (the Sea of Lot,) and the Jordan they call Shareeah.

'Sheich Ahmed knew the travellers Seetzen and Burckhardt, under their Oriental names, Moosa and Ibrahim. He spoke likewise of Bankes. This journey cost us twenty piastres each. We found it necessary to pay all our attendants much more than we had agreed with them to go for.

'Before we set out for Jericho, I spent Saturday, May 31, with Mr. Fisk, in examining the Talmud. In the afternoon, a Jew came and told me that my house had been broken in, and my things stolen. On examination it was found that the thieves had taken my bed-curtain, sheet, coat, and nearly all my shirts, cravats, and stockings. We sent information to the Governor, who sent an officer to look at the house, and assured us that efforts should be made to discover the thief. Brother Fisk was so kind as to furnish me with some of his linen, for I should not have known where to get a shirt at Jerusalem.

'June 6.—I found in the library of the High Priest, Rabbi Solomon Sapira, a Hebrew manuscript, written by an anonymous Rabbi, who lived in the year 1472. This manuscript contains a dissertation about Jesus of Nazareth. The writer tries to give five proofs, by which it may be demonstrated that Jesus of Nazareth mentioned in the Talmud, is not that Jesus whom the Gentiles call Christ, Messiah. Rabbi Solomon Sapira had the kindness to make me a copy of it.—Pp. 102-105.

The following deserves extracting for the account it contains of the Cedars of Lebanon which Mr. Wolff appears to have regarded with reverential curiosity:

'Cedars of Lebanon.

'October 4.—We left Tripolis, and arrived in the evening in the large convent of Maronites, called Mar Antonio Kas-haya, where above one hundred dirty, stupid, and ignorant monks reside. They have a printing press, but they only print mass-books. The Superior told us he had heard for a certainty, that the English baptise their children with the blood of a dove. We asked him whether he knew any thing of languages? His answer was worthy of a monk. "Of what use" said he "are languages?" Mr. King observed, that the Hebrew and Greek are very useful for the better understanding of the scripture text. He replied, "We have commentators who have sufficiently explained the text."

'The Maronites of this country administer the Sacrament to the laity in one kind; the Greek Catholics in both. They showed Mr. King the Arabic translation of the Bible with the Latin Vulgate. The monks believed the Latin to be Hebrew. Long conversations took place about the doctrines of the gospel, and they lasted almost the whole day, and a great part of the evening.

'Monday, October 6.—We arrived at Canobin, and called on the patriarch of the Maronites. His name is Joseph. He received us civilly, and invited us to dine with him. We left him an Arabic Bible and a Syrian Testament. His title is Patriarch of Antioch and Successor of Saint Peter. He may therefore, with the same right, claim infallibility, as the Bishop of Rome does.

'Tuesday, October 7.—We went to the cedars of Lebanon. I counted thirteen large and ancient cedars, besides the numerous small ones, with which are in the whole 387 cedars.

1st Cedar 84 cubits.	8th Cedar 4 cubits.
2nd Cedar 74 cubits.	9th Cedar 4 cubits.
3rd Cedar 6 cubits.	10th Cedar 3.6 cubits.
4th Cedar 54 cubits.	11th Cedar 34 cubits.
5th Cedar 54 cubits.	12th Cedar 24 cubits.
6th Cedar 54 cubits.	13th Cedar 2.3 cubits.
7th Cedar 4 cubits.	

'We arrived the same day at Besherre, and were kindly and hospitably received by Sheikh Georges, who knew well the traveller Mr. Grey, and our friend Tommaso Alkushi. We gave some Testaments to Priests.

We met there a Catholic Missionary of the Carmelite order, who was at Moussel and Bagdad.

October 9.—We took a view of Baalbeck and its mighty ruins. The Arabs believe the devil was the builder of that mighty castle, the ruins of which have defied the revolutions of so many centuries. And the Arabs may not be very wrong in their belief. It was a mighty temple, but it is now deserted; and thus all temples built of stone shall be deserted and broken down, but there was a temple which was broken down and built again in three days.

A young Turk now governs the town of Baalbeck. He has the title of *Emir*, i.e., Prince. He is still young, but old in wickedness. He quarrelled for several years with his uncle, who lived not far from Baalbeck. The Emir of Baalbeck tried to lay hold of his uncle and put him in prison, but his uncle escaped. The Emir finally sent a messenger to him with friendly words, and they made peace together. The very day we arrived at Baalbeck, the thunder of cannons, and the shouts of the soldiers, announced the arrival of the Emir's uncle, and we saw them both on horseback, the uncle and nephew. The same evening the Emir gave orders to put his uncle in chains and cast him into prison, which was done.

October 10.—We arrived at Sahle, and were received kindly by my friend the Greek Catholic Bishop Ignatius Ugurici, whom I mentioned in my journals of last year. We gave him a copy of the Arabic Genesis; he requested a whole Bible, which we promised to send to him.

October 11.—We arrived at Mar-Efram, the residence of the impostor, the ungrateful impostor Petrus Giarve, patriarch of the Syrian Catholics. He recognised me immediately, for he resided in the Propaganda when I was there. He told us that England did him harm by publishing that he had received money from them; for it obliged him to give a great sum of money to the Turkish Government. He farther was obliged to write to his friends in France, that he, as Roman Catholic, could neither be member nor accomplice of the Bible Society. He said, that he had received the money without being under any obligation (*senza nessun obbligo*) as a mere charity (*per una mera carita*). The wretch is decidedly opposed to every thing which is good. We gave him an Arabic Bible, which he returned to us, and ordered one of his monks, who had received a copy of the Syrian Testament, to return that also.—Pp. 175—178.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE.

Narrative of the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1813, By Lieut. General Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G.C.B. G.C.H., Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars. 4to. pp. 648. 3l. 3s. Colburn. London, 1828.

We have received a copy of this work, which promises, from a hasty inspection, to afford materials for a copious review in our next. We can only say of it at present, that it is handsomely got up, illustrated with a map of the scene of war, and plans of all the principal battles, and furnished with a copious appendix of tabular statements, in confirmation of the printed accounts. The work is dedicated to the King, and the author closes his narrative with the announcement of his intention to follow it up next year with another volume, containing his Military Reminiscences of the campaigns of 1813, and 1814, with the Allied Armies, on the Continent. The motives with which the work was undertaken, and given to the world, are so circumstantially avowed by the noble author himself, that we shall give the statement of them in his own words:

'These Reminiscences of some years of an active professional life were never intended to meet the public eye. They were written always in great haste, sometimes at long intervals, and sometimes, when fatigue entirely oppressed the body, and when the frame courted sleep rather than the most trifling occupation. But the great motive that prompted the first committal to paper of the imperfect details which these sheets embrace, was the affectionate and indulgent spirit with which they were received by him, to whom they were addressed. They would probably have remained buried with the object of that unbounded attachment and devotion, which gave birth to them, had not the circumstances attending the late events in Portugal recalled

the former scenes that had passed in that country, where British soldiers had enjoyed so many triumphs, and where the deepest interest has been blended with their career, by their learning, practically, under the greatest master of this, or any former age, that profession in which their destinies were involved.

'When a new force was equipped, and about to sail for that quarter, launched under new auspices, it occurred to me, that these hasty sketches of a former period, however light and imperfect, might not be wholly uninteresting to those brave brother soldiers, who were embarking again for that land, where so many laurels had been already gathered.

'I therefore determined to arrange, with a friend, my letters and memoranda in the form of a narrative.

'Their deficiency in many respects, is frankly acknowledged; and it is hoped that, being composed under the circumstances of constant fatigue and activity of employment, the author may meet with indulgence. On another point also, he has to claim consideration from his brother officers. They know, as well as himself, how impossible it is for any individual to render justice to the meritorious deeds of every division and corps in a long campaign; to describe all parts of a field of battle; to enter into the various views that are taken; or lastly, to detail the heroism of the several officers in the performance of their duties and exploits. Happily, the task of a eulogist or a critic, belongs to higher powers. The following sheets have been compiled for other purposes. If they stimulate young officers to record the events of the moment as it flies, and the interesting scenes they may engage in, for the information of parents and friends at a distance, their publication will accomplish one useful purpose; and if they enliven one leisure hour, in camp or quarters, of the brother soldiers of the author, his object is more than gained.'

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart. Constable's Miscellany, No. XXIII. 18mo. pp. 320. 12s. Constable and Co., Edinburgh. Hurst, Chance, and Co., London, 1828.

This is a very beautifully written piece of literary biography, and does great credit to the *Miscellany* of which it forms a part. There are some contributions in it from Sir Walter Scott and Allan Cunningham, which will be read with considerable interest, as they throw additional light on the lamented poet's character and history. This admirable series of cheap publications, presenting as it does so many really useful and valuable treatises, cannot be too highly appreciated. The design promised well, and it is carried on in a manner which cannot fail of rewarding those with whom it originated with lasting credit. We are glad to find that the work which forms the present interesting number is to be reprinted in a larger form for general circulation. We cannot, however, pass over the following account by Sir Walter Scott of his interview with Burns when a very young man.

'As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilum vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. At it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.'

'Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather

the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

'His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea, that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, i.e., none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude* man who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed, (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and, when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

'I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English Poetry was rather limited, and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate.

'This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the Laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add to these recollections of forty years since.—Pp. 112-115.

MANUAL OF COOKERY.

The Cook and Housewife's Manual. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. 12mo. Pp. 525. 7s. 6d. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1828.

In addition to every thing which the cook or housekeeper can desire in such a manual, Mrs. Margaret Dods' treatise is sprinkled with the salt of rare Scottish wit, and rivals Doctor Kitchen's learned work, both in variety and pleasant humour. We are assured also, by certain sage and experienced persons, well skilled in the subject, that we may safely recommend it to public patronage, as a useful and well qualified guide in all the mysteries of the culinary art. We give the following specimen of the Notes:

'Among the most noted of the moderns, we beg to introduce our readers to Mr. Rogerson, an enthusiast and a martyr. He, as may be presumed, was educated at that University where the rudiments of palatic science are the most thoroughly impressed on the ductile organs of youth. His father, a gentleman of Gloucestershire, sent him abroad to make the grand tour, upon which journey, says our informant, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, and he entered into the possession of a very large monied

fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks procured. He had no other servants in his house than men cooks: his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. He had three Italian cooks, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third one from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the *docce piceante* of Florence. He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover, found near St. Maloes. He has eaten a single dinner at the expense of fifty-eight pounds, though himself only sat down to it, and there were but two dishes. He counted the minutes between meals, and seemed totally absorbed in the idea, or in the action of eating, yet his stomach was very small: it was the exquisite flavour alone that he sought. In nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and himself hastening to poverty. This made him melancholy, and brought on disease. When totally ruined (having spent nearly 150,000*l.*), a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret soon after, roasting an ortolan with his own hands. We regret to add, that, a few days afterwards, this extraordinary youth shot himself. We hope that his notes are not lost to the dining world.' P. 252.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

CICERO.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Concord guarded by the Knights. Enter Curius, a Conspirator and Informer.*

Curius.—Now do the red streaks of the eastern sky Give a faint presage of approaching day, And yet the inactive Senators of Rome Bathe their dark eye-lids with the dews of sleep. Oh, vigilant revenge! What, shall not fear Of imminent death, of sword and fiercer fire, Of confiscated wealth, and the long course Of ills that walk in revolution's train: What, shall not these yet dissipate the weight Of slumber from their fore-warned victims' eyes? And do revenge and disappointed love Defraud my timely rest, and lead me forth Thus early at their bidding? Sluggard souls! Half the fierce tumult of my fevered mind Would spur them hither, if it must be so, For Rome's deliverance; but, in my mind, A better cause,—to crush my hated rival, Proud Catiline; for crossed alike in love And in ambition, by his towering spirit, I will betray the cause he fondly dreams Shall triumph now; but, hark! the hour is come.

SCENE II.—*Enter Cicero, Antonius, Cato, Catulus, and other Senators.*

Cicero.—Good morrow, Curius, thy more forward zeal Meets our remissness with a just reproof.

Curius.—So ever may my future footsteps lead My Roman brethren in the path of duty.

Cicero.—Fathers of Rome! you look upon the man To whom yourselves, your children, nay, the race Of your remotest progeny shall owe The ransom of existence. This is he Whose lips revealed the history of blood Which yesternight you heard. Let then your voice Unanimously ratify the gift Of those rewards that he has earned so well.

Antonius.—We do confirm them to him, with increase Beyond his hopes, if the sure text of time Shall bring to proof his tried sincerity.

Curius.—Most reverend Fathers, I dare well avouch With my life-blood, the candour of my tale. It is not needful to denounce to you The matchless vice, the wild ferocity, And that unquelled ambition, that demand Your swift-winged vengeance on the head of Catiline, You know him now. Yet, in a woman's form, There walks a foe as dangerous as he, Vile as himself—Sempronius shares his love And treason. Wide she throws her palace gates To screen the councils of conspiracy. Hers is no woman's soul, and, while she lives, Rome knows no safety.

Cicero.—Fathers, let a band Of armed soldiers, at the fall of eve, Surround her residence, and seize at once The noble hostess, and her worthy guests, Whilst strong detachments shelter from surprise The public walks and avenues of Rome.

Catulus.—Aye, on this night, or else yon rising sun Is the last light that we are doomed to see. But does my fancy picture to my eye The form it shudders at, or is it he? It is himself, the traitor Catiline.

Omnes.—Catiline!

Cicero.—What! dare he approach the insulted majesty Of Rome, and her most sacred temple? Deems he We know him not?

SCENE III.—*Enter Catiline.*

Catiline.—Most venerable Fathers, noble sirs, How well this vigilance, and deep concern For the state's good, become your elder years And weighty reputations. I would join Most willingly my feeble aid to yours, And hither, therefore, do I come.

Cicero.—For what?

To mark the foreheads of thy victims here, And designate them with the sign of death? Yet, traitor, dost thou live? Live! Dost thou stand E'en in the centre of Rome's senate-house, To speak and counsel of the public weal? When will thy boldness falter. Canst thou see, With steady feature, our nocturnal watch And daily councils, our increasing fears—The throng and concourse of all honest men. The close armed bands that guard these very doors To save our country from thy ruthless sword, And thine assassin hordes? And canst thou see The face and presence of these men themselves, Unmoved and bluish? Breathe a little while; Yet, yet a little longer thou shalt live. Then will I slay thee when no human mouth Exists so infamous, so like thine own, As once to question thy deserved doom. What needs there but a syllable of mine To stretch thee breathless on that very spot Thy presence now defiles? Yea, but a sign, A look would blast thee, like a flash from heaven. Ah! turn'st thou pale—dost tremble? Thou art safe; Thy life is sacred to the sword of Justice: I will defend it from indignant Rome, Till, after full conviction of thy crimes, This hand shall sign thy ignominious doom And drag thee to destruction. Look around And mark each Roman brow, that lowers with horror On thee, and on thy crimes. Which of all these Knows not thy treasons, cannot trace thy steps Of yesternight and name the very scene, The time, and comrades of thy mad designs? Gods of our fathers! is it possible We stand on Roman ground? And can it be That the dear land of our nativity Has yielded such a monster? Even here, Here does he stand, whose parricidal soul Had doomed the holy temples of the gods, Our lives, our homes, and our own native soil, To rapine and pollution. Wilt thou deny Thou art that parricide? If so, speak out—I wait—thou canst not—and it were as well; For I have witness to confront thy speech With proof, would give thee little joy to hear.

Catiline.—What should I answer? Pardon me, grave sirs;

I am not as I should be, pardon me.— But, if my face grew pale, or if my limbs Tottered beneath me, if my tongue refuse Its wonted office, let your justice give My strange confusion to its proper cause. Well may I stand astonished. Have I heard His words aright—a serious accusation? Grant me your hearing; why, my noble Lords, A simple word shall fling those scandals back, And his foul charges to the empty air. Who am I? What? Most sure, a noble Roman, Who draws his pure hereditary blood From a long line of noble ancestors— From men who, like myself, were prodigal E'en of their life-blood, for the fame of Rome, And one, who, upwards from my early youth, Was sunned and ripened in the smiles of fortune. This, then, I am, and what is my accuser? A Roman noble? No. A citizen? Why, no. A stranger,—yea, a foreigner, Whose name is recent in the mouths of Rome. O, tale incredible, absurd! shall I, Such as I am, devise my country's fall, And shall this stranger save it from destruction? An honest question—let your wisdoms judge. But farther to confound these calumnies And their malicious author, hear the rest.

I love my country,—love to tread the soil That bore my great forefathers. Land so dear, Go where I will, these eyes will never see. Then witness, fathers of that noble land, Witness my anguish, whilst with parting tears I now pronounce myself—devoted doom!— Eternal exile.—May this sacrifice Appease the causeless rancour of my foes, And pacify the troubles that distract My country's welfare. Peace be with you all!

Cato.—Where thou art, traitor, peace can never be; Retire not yet. We do command thee, stay.

Catulus.—Stay, till the senate do decide thy doom: The season is gone by for gentle words, And nought is wanting but thy punishment.

Catiline.—Yet hear me speak.

Curius.—Look, Catiline, on me; And, then, if thou hast stomach, speak thy fill. I have denounced thee; it is I who made The dearest secrets of thy inmost soul As free and public as the common air, My hand it is that shackles thee with chains, And this same hand shall usher to thy end Thyself and her, the partner of thy shame, Sempronius.

Cicero.—We have heard too many words: I do impeach thee of high treason, Catiline, Guards, seize your prisoner!

Catiline.—Your prisoner!— Know you me not—know you not Catiline, That thus you talk of prisoners and of guards? Hence, vain intruders—back, upon your lives. Lay but a hand upon me, and a word Shall plant a dagger in each bosom here. Guards and commanders, are you satisfied? My former speech displeased you. Hear me now: The senate in its wisdom has decreed, And Rome confirms it. Catiline shall fall, Then let him fall; but how? Majestic Rome And lordly senates, tremble as you hear— He falls indeed: yet with the mighty shock The towers of Rome are levelled with the ground, And, in their place, a lake of Roman blood Shall mark the vengeance and the fall of Catiline.

[Exit.]

Cicero.—How fiercely burst his rebel spirit forth! Saw you? I drove him from his secret snares, From every wily subterfuge, and roused The wolf from out his lair. Be it ours To give him open chase, and hunt him down. Let each call forth his friends, the friends of Rome; For Catiline threatens not for sport: and we Must summon all our strength, and bravely meet His furious onset. Hasten to the field! [Exit.]

GERMAN APATHY.

ON the representation of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' at the Cassel Theatre, on the second of March, M. Pistor, who had assumed the part of *Bartolo*, varied the accustomed action of the piece by cutting his throat with a razor, while standing before a glass; without evincing any extraordinary previous emotion to lead to a suspicion of his dreadful intention. The other performers do not seem to have been too violently affected by the event, as, without any interruption to the scene, another person was substituted for the deceased, and at the close of the performance, apologised for M. Pistor's absence, on the score of his having killed himself. The intelligence was received with the same apathy with which it was given, and the farce was not interrupted by any similar untoward event. I was recently travelling in Belgium, when, most unhappily, the coachman, by a dreadful accident, killed a poor man, who had unfortunately slipped beneath the wheels, ere the driver was aware of the circumstance. While the few Englishmen in the *Diligence*, gave free expression to their horror, as soon as the sad event was known, a beautiful Belgian girl was not diverted from the eating of her *bonbons*; and, if she evinced any emotion, it was rather that of surprise at our feelings, than that of interest in the fate of the unhappy man. Among the recent suicides at Hamburg, is that of a young gentleman of the early age of six years!

MR. LOWE'S SPLENDID PICTURE.

'The Vision of Joseph,' painted in Rome by Mr. J. B. Lowe, is about to be exhibited, in a room which Government has liberally lent to the artist, at the King's Mews, Charing Cross. This picture is the result of seven years' labour at Rome. In it the artist has endeavoured to combine the different styles of several of the most distinguished Italian painters.

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS.

(from the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.)

No. II.—London.

This, then, is St. Paul's. What a miracle of man's pride; but how little does it suggest of man's humility? Here are proportion, size, strength, all the meaner attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the area, the payment at the door, the hard, stolid worldly look of the Cathedral menials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity, but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope, or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide blank circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the pattering feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a show-room, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teutonic minster, harmonising so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and his penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed. We lose St. Paul's, and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hills, which seem scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west towards that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation; and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and flecked with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts: and, over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, while the eye wanders over leagues of building: and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only trodden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, whither no human eye had ever traced its course. Time was, when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill, turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeons, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burghers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The mazy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy

boats of those rude centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mustering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the capital; and misfortunes, which desolated the country, have driven its population hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth speed the current of existence through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of bustle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormous concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the wide-spread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among worldly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score out of all those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretences, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobler intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The details are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity, than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy

around them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbour, and the more ravening selfishness of the rich, has, alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. These myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but, while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me, or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty,—even such an one as C—, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious poet. How strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exalt the meanest of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity; yet nine in ten of its inhabitants never turn a thought towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while the majority of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths, which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their sect, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless creed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all is selfishness. Selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose or minister to the Government: selfishness in the intercourse of society: selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country? If such there be, (and some such there are; that is, one or two,) where are the signs of their exertions? Track home to their lanes and cellars the craftsmen and the labourers, the servants of our pleasure, and see amid their families the unquiet tempers, the sullen rages, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid fireside of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material! Here, too, are jealousies, and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties, and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags. Alas! if Jesus Christ were again to come on earth, as before, in humility and poverty,

and were to lift up his voice in the streets of London, as in those of Jerusalem, he would scarce have less to reprove, and would scarce be more earnestly listened to. Would not the rich pass by the houseless wanderer with self-complacent scorn, or the rabble look with indifference or mockery on one whose garments were no gayer than their own, and who yet would tell them, in authoritative accents, of justice, and truth, and mercy? The professed successors of Christ's apostles would invoke the law against a low-born teacher; the doors of this temple would be closed against him, if he came without a fee; and all the sects of England would be ready to cry out, 'Away with him, away with him!' because he would establish no empty forms, consecrate no mere words, dictate no creed, and teach without a catechism.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison: and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected,—the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, 'If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you.' We surround the people with innumerable temptations. We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child, born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunders some rich man's superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds: at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The pride of endurance comes to his aid: and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated, he is disgorged, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon his kind; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators; and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received the sympathy of one human creature. Such is society. Such is London. Such the perfect working of the Church, which reared the fabric I stand upon, and which professes to teach the universal love, whereby we may arrive at the 'temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Such scenes as these might well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and reproductive. In the enormous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast storehouse of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends, how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of

the globe! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.

ROYAL MORNINGS—KINGLY APHORISMS.

[From an unpublished Manuscript bequeathed by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to his Royal Nephew, Frederick William the Third.—Continued from page 378.]

'Of Private Politics.'

'A PRINCE ought never to show himself but on his most favourable side; and this is a point to which you must apply yourself very seriously. * * * * * When I reach any particular spot, I always give myself the appearance of being fatigued, and show myself to the populace in a worn-out great coat, and an ill-combed wig. These, though they are mere nothings, often produce a singular impression. * * * In every word I utter, I always make a show of having no thought but for the welfare of my subjects; I put questions to the nobility, bourgeois, and artisans, and enter into minute details with them. * * *

'Of the Belles Lettres.'

'I have used every effort in my power to acquire a name among literary men, and have been more successful than Cardinal Richelieu; for, Heaven be praised! I rank as an author. But, between ourselves, the race of *wits* is an infernal one: they are a community, perfectly unbearable for their vanity; full of pride; haters of the great, though ambitious of dignities; despots in their opinions; as enemies, implacable, and as friends, inconstant; hard in their dealings, and not unfrequently flatterers and satirists in one and the same day. In spite of all this, they constitute a species greatly needed by a sovereign who would reign despotically, and is fond of glory. They distribute honours, nor is any solid reputation to be acquired without their aid. Necessity, therefore, dictates that we should caress them, and policy, that we should reward them. As it is a craft which estranges us from occupations more in character with our dignity, I never compose but when I have nothing better to do; and, in order to ease myself, maintain several choice wits at Court, who undertake the task of *setting my ideas in order*. You would not fail to remark the attentions which I lavished upon M. d'Alembert, on his last trip; I always made him take his meals at my table, and did nothing but bepraise him. Indeed, you appeared yourself surprised at the prodigious attention I paid to this author: only because you were not aware that, at Paris, this philosopher is listened to as a very oracle, that his mouth is always open on the topic of my talents and virtues, and that he maintains in every quarter that I have every characteristic of a true hero and great king. Besides, it affords me delight to hear myself praised by a man possessed of wit and delicacy; nay, to confess the truth, I am very far from being insensible to the sweets of praise.

'I am perfectly sensible that *all* my acts are not entitled to *eulogium*; but d'Alembert is in such engaging moods when he is seated by my side, that he never moves his lips without saying "obliging things." Voltaire was a man of a different character, and, on this account, I sent him a-packing; I made a merit of this dismissal in my intercourse with Maupertius, but, at bottom, I stood in fear of him, as I was not certain of being always able to serve him to his content, and was

very fully conscious, that a single *écu* less than he expected would be certain to be followed by a couple of thousand boxes on the ear. Moreover, after considering the subject in all its bearings, and consulting my Academy upon it, we came to the determination, that *two wits* could never agree to breathe the same atmosphere.

'I have omitted to tell you, that, in the midst of my severest calamities, I took care that my *intellectual servants* should receive their salaries in full. This genus of philosophers convert war into the most hideous of fooleries, so soon as it interferes with their pockets.

'Of Petty Details.'

'Would you learn how to satisfy the whole world at a small expense? I will let you into the secret:—allow every individual subject to address himself directly to you, whether by letter or word of mouth; and, when this privilege is exercised, answer him, or lend him your ear. But the style you should make use of must be of the following tenor: "If what you allege be correct, I will see justice done you; but do not mistake me,—I shall be equally zealous to punish calumny and falsehood. I am your king,

FREDERIC."

If any one approach you with a complaint, listen with attention, or, at least, appear as if you did so; let your answer be, above all things, *firm and laconic*. * * * * *

'I have now brought you acquainted with mankind, my dear nephew, though it has set me in a sorry point of view. *Recollect, that man is ever at the mercy of his passions; that self-love constitutes his glory, and that all his virtues are based on his interest and ambition.* Do you wish to pass with the world for a hero? *Be not afraid of boldly committing crimes.* Or do you wish to pass for a sage? Counterfeit one with your choicest skill.

'Of State Politics.'

'State Politics may be reduced to three principles; the first is, to provide for your own preservation, and, as occasion offers, to aggrandize yourself; the second, never to contract an alliance but with a view to your own benefit; and the third, to contrive, that you shall be feared and respected, even under the most untoward circumstances.

'*First principle*.—When I ascended the throne, I paid a visit to my father's coffers. The great economy he had practised enabled me to form lofty projects. Some time afterwards I reviewed my troops; I found them in superb condition; and, after the review, I returned to my coffers and drew wherewith to double my military establishment. As I had now doubled my power, it was but natural that I should not confine myself to the mere preservation of what I possessed; and I was no long time, therefore, in resolving upon turning the first opportunity, which should offer itself, to proper account. * * * I turned the brain of every potentate, and all the powers of Europe considered themselves lost, unless their armies moved their arms, feet, and head *à la Prussienne*. My own soldiers and officers, every one of them, deemed themselves worth twice as much again, when they found that they had become models to every other nation. As soon as my troops had thus acquired superiority over those of all other countries, my next and sole occupation was to examine the claims which I could set up to various neighbouring provinces. Several leading objects swam before my eyes; these were, Prussian Poland, Silesia, Dutch Gelderland, and Swedish Pomerania. I fixed my heart on Silesia, as this was an object worthier of my solicitude than any other, and circumstances were, in that quarter, more favourable to my purpose, than in regard to the others. * * I shall not stop to demonstrate the validity of my title to that province; I have had it established by my mouth-pieces. Those of the Empress-Queen were employed to contest it

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in her behalf; and we closed the suit to the tune of cannon, swords, and muskets.
But to return to the actual state of things. France was anxious to rend the Imperial crown from the House of Austria. I could desire nothing better. France longed to create a territory for the Spanish Infant; this the more delighted me, because it could not be done otherwise than at the Empress's expense. In fine, the French Court cherished the proud design of marching to the gates of Vienna; it was here that I awaited the moment for making myself master of Si-lesia. * * * * *

You cannot conceive, my dear nephew, how important it is to a sovereign, no less than to a state, that we should travel out of the common routes; it is only by the marvellous that we can strike terror and acquire a name. The *Balance of Power* is a term which has kept the whole world in fetters, because it has been deemed to secure a constancy of possession; but, in honest truth, it is nothing beyond three empty words, for Europe is a family in which you will be at no loss to find *riched brothers and desinging kindred*. I will go still further, my dear nephew; it is by treading this system under foot that we are enabled to climb the heights of greatness. Look at the *English*! they have made the ocean their tributary; this mighty element dares not bear a single vessel on its billows without their permission.

And what results from all these premises, but that we must be constantly attempting, and feel intimately persuaded that there is nothing which cannot be reconciled to our views? It behoves you, however, to take special care that you do not put forward your pretensions with too much presumption; maintain two or three able penmen at your court, and leave to them the office of justifying your measures.

Second principle.—The contracting of an alliance, for one's own particular profit, is a received maxim of state; nor is there any kingdom on earth which is justified in neglecting it. In my first war against the Queen, I turned my back upon the French at Prague, because I received Silesia as a compensation. Had I led them to the very gates of Vienna, they would never have given me as much. Some years afterwards, I renewed my connexion with them, being inclined to attempt the conquest of Bohemia, and anxious to secure their good graces, in case of need. Since that time I have neglected that connexion, in order to cultivate closer ties with another Power, which offered me better terms. * * * * *

Attach yourself diligently to those who have the talent of expressing themselves in ambiguous and equivocal language; nor would you do amiss by having political physicians and picklocks; they might, on occasion, render you essential services. *I know, from experience, how much is to be gained through their instrumentality.*

Third principle.—To make one's self respected and feared by one's neighbours, is the master-stroke of politics. * * * * *

Never ask in a humble tone, rather appear to demand. If you meet with deceit, lay your revenge on the shelf until the moment arrives when you can take the amplest of satisfactions; and, above all, do not alarm yourself about reprisals: they will not tarnish your glory, though this may prove so much the worse for your subjects, on whom its burthen falls.

But the true point is, that you should let your neighbours feel you are a stranger to scruples and apprehensions, and incapable of being astounded or panic-struck; seek unremittingly to engender a notion amongst them that you are a dangerous animal, ignorant of every principle which does not conduce to your glory; and manage matters so as thoroughly to convince them, you would prefer losing two kingdoms rather than abandon your hope of being held up to the skies by after-ages. As such sentiments as these are the property of one mind only out of a million,

they amaze and stultify the majority of human kind; and this it is, in fact, which, in the world's eye, constitutes the essential of a "*Great King*."

When a stranger appears at your Court, lead him with favours, and use every endeavour to keep him by your side: in this way you will best succeed in blinding him to the defects of your Government. If he be a military man, let your guards parade and manœuvre before him, and take care personally to command them. If he be a wit, who has sent some publication from the press, let him perceive it lying upon your table, and let his talents be the topic of conversation. If he be a merchant, listen to him with kindness, treat him handsomely, and persuade him to take up his abode in your dominions.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN WATER COLOUR.

THE best proof of the excellence of the works of our artists in Water-colour, is the effect they produce on repeating the visit to the Exhibition. Few return to it, we imagine, without deriving renewed gratification, and even perceiving that the impression, however favourable, which was left on the mind by former inspection, does but sparing justice to the reality. The little defects which have disclosed themselves on minute examination, have been noted, and dwell on the mind to the injury of the general impression, which, immediately that we re-enter the Exhibition room, again triumphs.

In resuming our notice of these interesting productions, we owe it to our own candour and to an artist, in admiration of whose works we do not yield to the most ardent, to state that our observation on the want of steadiness in the architecture of Mr. Prout's picture No. 21, *The Campanile, &c., at Venice*, is considered as somewhat hypercritical by persons to whom, could we yield such homage in any quarter, we feel that we should be safe in paying the blindest deference. The opinion we allude to deserves the more consideration as it is professional, and of that profession within the province of which the fault we had ventured to point out would more especially lie. We may add, that we consider this one of the most splendid of Mr. Prout's productions; the richness of colour about the figures and boat in the foreground has been seldom surpassed.

The Hay-field, No. 4, D. Cox, did not, on our first visit, attract the attention it seems to deserve. It is a very clever picture, true to nature, yet not too cold to produce a pleasing artistic effect; it displays bold and free handling.

Of Mr. Varley's two pictures, 7 and 8, *Barnes, on the River Thames*, No. 7, seems to us to deserve the preference. It has much truth; the effect of the sunshine is happy, the clearness of the light is remarkable. *Harlech Castle—Snowden in the distance*, No. 8, is a grand and picturesque scene; but the treatment, of the foreground especially, is in a dry and boardy style, too prevalent in this artist's works.

We would point to Mr. Hunt's *Westminster Scholar*, 18, as a happy specimen of portraiture in water-colour; as full of ease, life, and expression, and devoid of manner.

The Twilight of G. Barret, 22, is free from the mannerism in composition with which we charged his works in our last notice, and is a very delightful and expressive picture. We cannot help again noticing the effect of the sunshine in the *Evening*, 26, of the same artist. It is absolutely dazzling.

Mr. Cristall's *Titania* is certainly open to the objection which has been generally made to it; but, to the merit of the classical feeling which pervades the picture, we think justice has not been done.

Ben Lomond, from the Upper Part of Loch Lomond, No. 51, presents a scene of enchantment, and is delightfully treated; the repose of the waters of the lake, the misty effect in the distance where its borders meet, the contrast of the verdure on the one side with the brown hue of the rugged mountains on the other, are all charming.

The Marine Palace, Composition, D. Cox, No. 64, is distinguished for its clearness of effect.

Scene in a Vineyard on the Italian side of Mount St. Bernard, J. F. Lewis, 77, is a specimen of very brilliant colouring, and ease and boldness of design.

The Sands, near Ryde, Isle of Wight—Ebbing Tide, 90, Copley Fielding, is a barren subject, but a splendid bit of colouring.

St. Peter's, Monte Mario, from the Banks of the Tiber—Sunset, W. Havell, No. 92, has a charm about it

very effective: the brilliant purple effect of the retiring sun on the atmosphere is truly beautiful.

Petrarch's House at Acqui, near Padua, S. Prout, No. 108, is a very picturesque subject, an interesting memorial of the lover of Laura, and a delightful specimen of Italian domestic scenery. The picture is true to the original, and effectively executed.

The West Front of the Cathedral at Rheims, C. Wild, No. 108, and *The West Front of the Cathedral of Amiens*, by the same artist, are excellent specimens of elaborate and apparently accurate drawing. They are announced as examples of the "*Ecclesiastical Architecture of France* just published."

In No. 112, *View in Glencoe*, by G. F. Robson, with *Red Deer*, by R. Hills, the united talents of these artists have been very successfully employed to produce a very effective picture; the spirit and life in the deer of Mr. Hills, are admirable.

The Coast Scene—Shrimp Girls, S. Austin, No. 117, is a charming little piece.

The Rue St. Jean, Caen, S. Prout, No. 130, is full of effect, of light and shade, and brilliancy of colouring.

Two Italian Children preparing for a Festa, P. Williams, No. 154, is a delightful piece of simple and expressive composition and brilliant colouring. *An Italian Ciciara spinning, with her Infant in the Cammella*, by the same Artist, No. 166, is a worthy pendant to the former, not, perhaps, quite equal to it in happy expression. *Children of the Campagna of Rome, fastening on the Cucia*, by the same, No. 349, is also full of life and simplicity.

Modern Greece, J. D. Harding, No. 159, is deservedly regarded as one of the most splendid pictures in the room, full of imagination and melancholy effects, expressive of the sentiment,

"Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

The picture is cleverly executed; the colouring clear and splendid; the ruins and fragments on every side, tell well the tale of by-gone glory and modern degradation.

Interior of Westminster Abbey, F. Mackenzie, No. 170, is an excellent production of that esteemed artist. The accuracy of the drawing of the details is wonderful; the general effect of the picture is not, on the whole, so natural as that of most of the works of this artist.

Trees in Windsor Park, H. Gastineau, 177, is a very pleasing picture, free from every thing that betrays attempt at effect, of great repose and very natural tone.

The two Dromios, No. 267, H. Richter is a clever and spirited little work, full of happy and delightful humour, in which the expression of the artist is much happier than in the enamel style of *The Letter*, No. 261, and *A Study from the Life*, No. 168. *The Wedding of Touchstone and Audrey*, No. 291, is in the same humorous style as *The two Dromios*. The rusticity of Audrey is charming. These subjects are caricatured, it is true; but the caricature is the poet's, and we rejoice at beholding his conceits so happily caught and represented.

The procreation of the Flitch of Bacon, 278, and *The Burning Shame*, 354, both by T. M. Wright, are very spirited productions, cleverly grouped, well put together, and harmoniously balanced. The author might aspire to more originality, and not be so constant in his imitations, however excellent, of Stodhart.

Miss Byrne has one of her usually clever *Fruit and Flower* pieces, No. 321.

The Proposal, J. Stephanoff, 344, and *The Bride*, by the same, 364, are in the truly elegant style of that artist. The expression thrown into such minute figures is wonderful. Of the two, we prefer *The Proposal* as more completely free from the tendency to affectation, to which the extreme prettiness of these works necessarily leans.

To notice the works of Hunt, Cristall, and others, in this collection not yet mentioned, would be but to repeat what we have already said of the first work of each of those artists which has caught our attention. In noticing this exhibition, we have scarcely found it necessary to make a single exclusion designedly. Our time has not admitted of our minutely examining all its contents, nor would our space permit us to mention them: where it is so difficult to choose what to admire, and what to praise, among so much excellence, we have therefore allowed hazard to relieve us of the trouble of selection. We can safely say, that we have observed scarcely one mediocre piece in the Exhibition. We earnestly invite our readers to go and judge for themselves; assuring them that there is ample room yet left them for exercising their taste in new discovery of objects of admiration; and that, although, as we are happy to observe, the sales are very numerous, the opportunity of making valuable acquisitions still remains.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Covent Garden.

After the play of 'The Point of Honour,' a new farce, attributed to Mr. Peake, was produced at this theatre on Saturday last, the *dramatis persone* of which were cast as follows:—

Admiral Broadside,	Mr. BARTLEY.
Mr. Woodburn,	Mr. DIDDLEAR.
Peter Yarn,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Giacomelli,	Mr. KEELY.
Mr. Aufait,	Mr. WRENCH.
Dominico,	Mr. O. SMITH.
Estella,	Miss GOWARD.
Miss Broadside,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Hannah,	Mrs. BROWN.

The story is very simple. In the course of events, the *Admiral*, (Bartley,) and his sister, (Mrs. Davenport,) arrive at Naples, where the lady becomes smitten with the lieutenant of her brother's ship, and is privately married to him, though Mr. Walross is no favourite of the *Admiral*. As 'the course of true love, however, never does run smooth,' shortly after the union, Lieutenant Walross is attacked by a shark in the Bay of Naples, and drowned, leaving his lady pregnant. The marriage having been strictly private, Miss Broadside determines to keep up the disguise, and assumes the virgin, not only to retain her brother's esteem, but for the much more sensible purpose of becoming entitled to a legacy of 10,000*l.*, left her by a maiden aunt, on the proviso that she, too, shall die in a state of 'single blessedness.' In order, however, to keep the mishap secret, the lady very logically thinks it necessary to have a male confidant, in the person of *Peter Yarn*, (Fawcett,) Warrant-officer of the *Bellerophon*, or, as *Peter* himself called her, the 'Billy-Ruffian.' *Peter*, however, is the depository of the *Admiral's* secret, as well as his sister's; and it appears, that, if the lady has had a little boy, the gentleman has had a little girl, who are both consigned, by the trusty warrant-officer, to the care of Mrs. McCormick, an Irish nurse at Naples, and widow, according to *Peter's* account, of a dead marine. *Giacomelli* (Keely) and *Estella* (Miss Goward) are therefore brought up together, but a different fate awaits them. *Estella* is provided with the best masters, and rapidly improves; while *Giacomelli* is hired out as an organ-grinder to *Diminico*, a travelling Italian; and, in this capacity, comes to England, where *Estella* had already arrived, and was living under the roof of the *Admiral* as his adopted child.

The young lady has two suitors, *Mr. Woodburn* and *Mr. Achilles Aufait*, the latter of whom is favoured by her father, the former by herself. Previous to his daughter's marriage, *Admiral Broadside* is desirous of communicating to his sister the secret of her birth. He attempts to do so, but manages the explanation so awkwardly, that *Miss Betsy*, far from supposing her brother has a secret of his own which he is about to confess, imagines he has penetrated her's. An interruption occurs, which prevents, for the time, the *claircissement*, and confirms her suspicions. At this period, *Giacomelli*, with *Dominico*, did arrive in the *Admiral's* vicinage, as wandering beggars; and *Miss Broadside* discovers, that the vagabond Italian is her son. Hardly is she recovered from this shock, when she is again assailed, in a second interview, by her brother's explanations of his own pécadillos, which she, conscience-stricken, imagines to have a reference to her own guilt. At length *Broadside*, plunging in '*medias res*,' exclaims, the result was, a little girl; while his sister contends, though with shame and sorrow, that the 'little offspring' was a boy. Thunderstruck, the *Admiral* asks, 'did not the mother tell me it was a girl?' when *Miss Broadside* exclaims, 'Am I not the mother, and ought I not to know best?'

This indecent dialogue is at length put an end to by the appearance of *Peter*, who clears up the double mystery, and introduces to them 'th' little offsprings,' *Giacomelli* and *Estella*, in their proper characters. Meanwhile, *Mr. Achilles Aufait* having disappointed the *Admiral's* hopes of a stag-hunt, by allowing a Newfoundland dog to worry the deer; and, moreover, having mortally offended *Miss* (or, to speak more correctly, *Mistress Betsy*, by fracturing the main-spring of her Dresden clock, is pronounced by both father and aunt to be totally unworthy of the hand of the lovely *Estella*, who is straightway transferred, like so much stock, to the keeping of her admirer, *Woodburn* (Mr. Diddlear), who has little to do but to walk through his part.

It remains to us to say a few words of the piece, and of the manner in which it was acted. As a literary production, it is wholly beneath criticism, abounding in coarseness and indecency, while there is no lack of

stale puns and insipid jests. The characters are extravagant, and without parallel in real life.

Fawcett, a sailor of the *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* school, and whose whole part consists in the repetition of 'Though I say it, you won't believe me, now,' did all he could to save the production, but its fate was inevitable, though the pit abounded with clappers. Keely, as the Italian boy, was unnatural and out of place, though Mr. O. Smith played the *sclerote Domino* well. Mrs. Davenport, Bartley, and Miss Goward, acted with their usual excellence, but Mr. Diddlear, the happy and successful fool, has neither the air nor part of a well-bred gentleman.

On the whole, it has never been our fate to witness so wretched and abortive an attempt at dramatic writing, nor a piece so abounding in revolting allusions.

THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER AND THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

LETTER II.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester.

MY LORD,—In my former letter on the want of Theological Lectures at the London University, it was my object to show that your Lordship's observations with reference to that subject, though not perhaps exhibiting a direct mis-statement of the point at issue, were yet founded on a complete misapprehension of the question. I endeavoured to prove that theological lectures are by no means certain, nor, in general, even likely, to produce a Christian state of mind; and that a course of instruction and moral culture which does not include such lectures, may, nevertheless, be an excellent preparation for Christianity, and a most valuable mean towards the development of the religious character. It seems to me that religion is not merely a practical art, which can be taught by an elementary discourse, like the process of making candles or laying bricks. To keep our account with our conscience is not to be learned like book-keeping by single and double entry. The Cambridge method of the one is by no means so decided an improvement as the Italian of the other. Neither is Christianity a mere science, for which nothing more is to be done than to establish its laws by ratiocination or experiment. It is essentially dependent upon a condition of our spiritual nature, from which result the partial comprehension of its truths, as a science, by our reason, and the still more incomplete manifestation of it, as an art, in our conduct.

I trust that, in reminding your Lordship of the purport of my previous letter, I shall not have produced that effect which so often attends upon the instructions of the pulpit and the Professor's chair, the denuding of the mind's sensibility to the truths contained in words, by the repetition of the words themselves; just as, in ceremonial prostrations and genuflections, the religious meaning is commonly forgotten, which first taught man to bow himself before God. But I am anxious to have it remembered, that the remarks I am about to make are not put forward as embracing the whole of the subject. I am going to comment upon this side of the Cambridge course of education; but I do not wish it to be understood as my opinion, that, because things are bad at Cambridge, they must be good in London; and I have, therefore, recalled to my readers the fact that I have already assigned more general reasons for my belief, than those which it is the object of the present letter to set forth.

I have stated it as the purpose of this address to your Lordship, to show that neither is there any considerable degree or valuable kind of religious instruction given at Cambridge, nor that sort of education in other respects which would tend to produce the Christian character. And, first, as to the plain outward fact. A nominal residence at Cambridge, of upwards of three years, is necessary for the greater part of the students in order to obtain the first degree. The annual residence really required, and in which all the instruction of the year is given, during this last stage of education for English gentlemen, is really about five months. For noblemen, who have nothing to do in after life except to legislate for the rest of the community, and who may therefore be comparatively ignorant, this portion of residence is required during no more than two years; but for the mass, the period to be spent in the University, between entrance and the time of graduating, is about, or something under, eighteen months. These months are occupied, by the college tutors and lecturers, in preparing their pupils for two examinations. The first of these takes place in the second year of nominal residence. It requires the

students to be acquainted with the construing and parsing of some one of the Gospels, or of the Acts of the Apostles, selected and announced more than a year previously. There is similarly assigned to them before hand, to be similarly studied, one Greek and one Latin classic, that is, perhaps a book of Livy, and one of Herodotus. The only invariable part of the examination is that which relates to Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity.' The young men are required to understand a portion of the New Testament, exactly the same way as a portion of Homer or Sallust; and, to the 'Evidences of Christianity,' all that is demanded from them is to give the opinion or argument of Paley upon such and such points. The religious knowledge requisite for the first University examination amounts then to this: an acquaintance with the words of a book of the New Testament, and with the reasonings of Dr. Paley on the 'Evidences of Christianity.' Supposing religion could be taught, would this be the way to teach it? In at least five cases out of six, the Greek of Paul or John is construed from the author's version; and communicates no other ideas to the student than that majestic and beautiful, but erroneous translation. The work of Paley, though in many respects, an admirable specimen of logic, is obviously not one of the most fitted of Christian books to produce Christian feeling: firstly, because the writer's scheme of Christianity is comparatively barren and incoherent; secondly, because he draws almost exclusively upon the external evidences, where no warm interest in the subject ever was or can be excited; and, thirdly, because religion is never exhibited in the volume as a thing to excite emotion and love, as a means for producing the sympathy of man with the goodness of God, but as a matter over which the understanding is as supreme as over the plan of parsonage or the calculation of tithes. But it will be said, there are College lectures on these subjects. In the greater part of the colleges there are, I believe, no religious lectures, except upon the scrap of the Bible included in the 'previous examination'; and certainly at the largest and most distinguished of these 'royal and religious foundations,' there is no compulsory attendance on the Greek Testament Lectures. So much my Lord, for the Christian instruction of Cambridge so far as it is connected with the first University examination.

At the second and final ordeal, there is no pretence of demanding theological knowledge. The only book which are then nominally required to be known, besides classical and mathematical ones, are Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and 'Paley's Moral Philosophy.' I say, nominally required to be known, because it is perfectly understood in the University that, at least with regard to Locke, no real knowledge is demanded. Insomuch, that, I believe, the failing to answer every question proposed would be no impediment to graduating. The choice of these works is no less curious than the mode adopted for enforcing the study of them. For, granting the points assumed, and those attempted to be proved by Locke, it might puzzle wiser and older heads than the majority of the students to say, where we can find a resting-place of this side of the conclusions of Hume. And as to the 'Moral Philosophy,' I should be surprised, indeed, if the dignity of our pure and apostolic Church, and one of the burning and shining lights in this reformed part of Christendom, were to profess that he approved of a system of duties so little founded upon revelation. I could credit that these abstracts of philosophy could be taken for manuals of religion, I should lament their admission among the subjects of the course, as much as your Lordship deprecates the exclusion of theology from the new Institution. But, as I am firmly persuaded that they leave behind them no shade of theological prepossession one way or other, among the pupils of Cambridge, I am contented only to laugh at the solemnity with which the Calendar enumerates them as text books in the shrivelled hands of Alma Mater.

I am not unaware that at some, or, at least, at one of the Colleges, there are also lectures upon Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.' It is even certain, that, at the abode of philosophy, the shuddering neophyte is compelled to learn by rote the very words of the Bishop, evidently an excellent method for transferring to the mind of the student the living power which filled the words of the teacher, and of preventing him from feeling them as mere dead sounds. But unhappy the ingenious and orthodox practice does not prevail generally in the University; and, moreover, the object of the experiment are supposed to be rather remarkably distinguished in after-life for narrowness, and stupidity of intellect, to say nothing of an insolent

tolerance which might seem imitated from some society of Dervishes, or troop of Franciscans.

It is possible, that some one may think fit to urge the merits of the University church as being means of theological instruction, the like of which are unknown in London. Let no such man be trusted. The Magistrates of Cambridge are so wise as to take no adequate measures for enforcing the attendance of the students (whether of mathematics or horse-flesh) on these pretences; and I am glad to be able to mention an instance in which they have displayed real wisdom, and are seen that men's compulsory presence at religious observances can have no effect, in the majority of cases, but to make them regard as disgusting the religion itself. At all events, there are sermons in London as well as at Cambridge; and the orthodoxy of the episcopate is as undoubted as that of St. Mary's. We may differ as to the degree of good result commonly produced by pulpit discourses. Your Lordship may hold them to be one of the chief instruments for maintaining true religion among us, while others may believe that, however powerful an engine of good might be found in the spoken truth, it is, in by far the larger number of cases, employed for little else than the support of forms and names, for spreading the wrath and malignity of religious faction, and for the gratification of individual vanity: but no one will be tempted to say that London is largely provided with the machinery of preaching, and is one of the greatest marts of word-Christianity to be found in Christendom, in so much that, even if the new establishment were to draw after it the third part of the kingdom, the gaping and devouring temples of the City (in all sincerity I except your Lordship's church, which, I believe, is deservedly popular) could absorb and edify them all. On this matter, at least, it is hard to guess what ground of vicious preference remains to the enemies of the London University.

Think you, my Lord, it will be credited by those who have not had the same opportunities of knowing the truth as your Lordship and myself, that I have mentioned all, absolutely all, the means of religious instruction for the mass of the students at Cambridge? They would not believe it if the opposers of knowledge could teach the world to be incredulous on such subjects. But the world will believe when assertions are made by those who have opportunities of being acquainted with the facts, and when those assertions remain uncontradicted. If I have mis-stated any thing, I trust I shall be corrected; for I am no less anxious to learn when I am wrong, than to communicate the truth to others when I am right. But, be it observed, that I have not sought to condemn 'my mother University' for abstaining from teaching Theology. I have but attempted to convince your Lordship and the world, that it is unjust to blame the London University for not pretending to that which Cambridge no more than pretends to; and that, in considering nothing to be needful for the formation of good men but familiarity with good biblical criticism, the professed, and in many cases the sincere, defenders of religion and, in reality, giving up what is paramount for what is subordinate, and making as if they stripped a spray from the summit of the tree, and uprooted the mighty parent to plant the twig in place of it. Divided from the trunk, it will not grow—but die.

I have said little upon the religious instruction given at Cambridge, because there is scarcely any thing to be said about that which scarcely at all exists. I now begin myself to a subject on which I shall say little, only because I have neither space nor leisure to say much; for it would afford material, and readily suggest collections, for no inconsiderable volume. I mean the indirect tendency on the mind of those parts of the Cambridge system of which I have not hitherto spoken. A few sentences must now include all that I can give to so large a theme.

I take for granted—it is, indeed, put forward as the peculiar boast of the old Universities—that it is the purpose of those institutions to furnish religious education. I also assume, that religious education includes, as requisite to it, the best possible education in all respects; and that it is, in fact, its object to produce the greatest attainable improvement of the whole nature of those on whom it acts. For such a design, the very noblest and most holy conceivable by man, the great point is, to endeavour, as much as possible, at reconciling the cultivation of the feelings with that of the intellect; the teaching not facts or opinions, but principles; in short, the making knowledge to be the means of moral amelioration. This is not to be done by tagging to every lecture an application; by seating a skeleton at the banquet; by heading the array of his army with an army chaplain; by setting an ancient owl

to screech under the pinions of the eagle, Science. Knowledge will best fulfil its task of regeneration when it is made an end and object in itself; when it is connected with no outward, sordid, personal calculations; when it is looked at as an essential part of the inheritance for which all men struggle who aim at the perfecting their own being. Truth—truth—for itself—for this we must breathe; for this we must agonise; for this strip off the clinging rags of selfishness; for this clothe ourselves in the iron panoply of exertion and endurance. If we do this, let it not be said that we are careless of other things. Give vigour to one faculty, and you strengthen all. The love of truth can live in no human mind without a tendency to produce the love of good, the sense of beauty, sympathy with man, and reverence for God. There are no gulfy chasms, no obstructing ramparts to divide the mind. The beneficial impulse which reaches one feeling or one power, straightway thrills and animates the whole.

But how is knowledge taught to be regarded at Cambridge? Is it presented as in itself good and noble, the enricher and strengthener of the mind, not growing upwards from earth, but lighting upon it from the skies? It is made, as your Lordship well knows, to be the means of attaining riches and honour, as the mere first round of that ladder which reaches, not like Jacob's, to heaven, but to the high places of worldly preferment. It is shown as the field in which the struggle of a year or two is to be carried on, and which is then to be as completely deserted as a battle-ground, haunted by the spectres of the slain. The plain definite object of a fellowship is before the competitors. For this is the glorious contest fought. For this are truth and philosophy made pioneers and servants to men's eagerness for subsistence or distinction. For this is the energetic period of life, so powerful in determining, what shall be its whole future bent converted into, a race of memory against memory, and health against health; until, when the exertion is over, and the prize won, the utter absence of those excitements which supplied the previous impetus, and the inability to look at knowledge, as of any different use than the accustomed one, leave the mind without a purpose. The lazy monotony of an aimless existence squabbles upon it, and it finds its only variety in the squabbles of the fellows' table. Here are found the fit materials for intolerant priests and subservient dignitaries. And here is the great body of that wisdom, attainment, goodness, and activity, to which is committed the education of the upper classes of Englishmen!

I had intended, my Lord, to compress into this letter all that I wish to say on the subject of Cambridge, and to reserve my next for the exclusive discussion of the question as to theological lectures, with reference to the London University; but I find that this arrangement must be altered, and that, at least, a part of my next address to your Lordship must consist of some remaining observations on the subject of the present one. If it will be possible for me to embody, in one more letter, all that I am anxious to offer to your Lordship's notice, I am not, as yet, aware; but, whether I shall hereafter find it necessary to trouble your Lordship with more or fewer communications, for the present I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE.

FRENCH SOCIETY AND LITERATURE, BY A
RESIDENT OF PARIS.

Paris, April 20.

A FORTNIGHT ago, public attention, which, in Paris, is a very changeable thing, was exclusively directed to the Chamber of Deputies; but, since the Chamber has been found to be prudent and moderate, that is to say, *dull*, the fine arts have recovered their legitimate share of public interest. Friday is a privileged day at the exhibition of the works of living artists, in the Louvre, and no one is admitted without a white ticket.

On Saturdays, only blue tickets are admitted, and though these are less easily procured than the white ones, yet the gallery is more crowded on Saturdays than at any other time. But on these days nobody thinks of looking at the pictures, except, perhaps, a *femme de chambre*, who has obtained a blue ticket from her mistress, or a bashful provincial, who has not courage to look at the elegant women by whom he is surrounded. On Saturday, the Louvre is quite a fashionable lounge, and the gallery presents as gay an aspect as one of M. M. Rothschild or Lafitte's grand

parties. There is usually a great number of English among the company. The ladies are all dressed to the best advantage, and the descending light in the grand gallery affords the most favourable view of the features, and above all the expression, of a female face.

By the bye, in Paris, much more importance is attached to beauty of expression than to beauty of features. This, I believe, is the reverse of the English taste. The three belles who have been most conspicuously attractive in the beau monde of Paris during the last winter, are, to say the most of them, only pretty women. But how charming is their expression! What a world of meaning they can convey in a smile or a glance! And then, the irresistible fascination of their manners. For example: how gracefully a Frenchman ridicules the oddities of a man, however high his rank; for in Paris, (though the favourite resort of all the nobility of Europe,) exalted rank does not protect its possessor from ridicule. On the contrary, a man who is distinguished in Paris, either for rank or fortune, cannot with impunity indulge in any oddities. In France it is no unusual thing for a young man of fashion to become impertinent merely through timidity, which was the case with our revered monarch Charles X. at an early period of his life. Some curious particulars on this subject may be found in the 'Memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun,' written by himself. In French, the word *memoires* always implies autobiography.

'Yelva,' and the 'Reine de Seize Ans,' which are now performing at the Théâtre Gymnase, are our two most attractive dramatic novelties. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, who, at the age of fourteen, was celebrated as a juvenile prodigy, but who did not afterwards realise the promises which her early talent held out, has recovered all her former *clat*, by her admirable performance in *Yelva*. The character is that of a dumb girl, who recovers her speech on seeing her brother and her lover fight a duel. She exclaims, '*Alfred! mon frère!*' faints away, and the curtain then drops. This is the conclusion of the piece; and such a piece must have either decidedly failed, or have been applauded to the skies. It is the production of M. Scribe, and its success has been unprecedented. All Paris is thronging to the Gymnase, to shudder at the terrific shriek of *Yelva*, when she sees her brother preparing to discharge a pistol at her lover.

Viscount de Martignac, who has been Minister of the Interior since the disgrace of the Jesuits, has himself become an author. He has recently granted permission for the performance of 'The Marriage of Figaro,' at the Théâtre Français; but some of the best jokes in the piece have been suppressed. 'The Marriage of Figaro,' which was written in 1784, was the grand affair of the reign of Louis XVI. Whether its performance should or should not be permitted, was a question which divided the Court, and in which the Count d'Artois, now Charles X., took a decided part. He was not then under the influence of the priests, and he was for the performance of 'The Marriage of Figaro.'

Our Théâtre Français corresponds with your Covent Garden and Drury Lane. But Talma is dead, and Mademoiselle Mars is growing old, so that the Théâtre Français has now lost its attraction. People of fashion, therefore, go to Laurent's Théâtre to admire Madame Malibran Garcia, or to the Gymnase to see the charming little pieces of M. Scribe, who is decidedly the best French dramatic writer of the day. He has produced upwards of a hundred little comedies, in which, however, he has occasionally been assisted by M. M. Vinbert, Melenville, and Germain de la Vigne.

MISFORTUNES OF BEING THOUGHT CLEVER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR—The kindness of feeling evinced in your pages towards the unfortunate in general, induces me to lay before you my own distressing case; in the assurance that, though you may be unable to afford me a remedy, you will not withhold from me the consolation of your compassion. Whilst many around me are drooping from unmerited neglect, or are sinking under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and the consequent loss of credit, I find myself 'tortured, e'en to madness,' by praises I lay no claim to, and by distinctions I do not deserve.

My situation is sometimes so ludicrous, that, in the midst of my misery, I have detected myself smiling; and my lot is rendered doubly distressing by the reflection, that I am looked upon by my friends and acquaintance as the happiest and most enviable of mortals. Sir, I am a young man in my four-and-twentieth year, and, having just entered life with very agreeable pros-

pects, and the fairest character, I have nothing to complain of, either in my fortune, my good credit, or my age. But, unhappily, I have gained most innocently a reputation for being clever, which clings to me with the most unwearied constancy, and all I can do to shake it off has hitherto proved utterly useless.

How I came by it at first, would require, perhaps, some time to consider; but I fear that my parents and their immediate friends, together with some striking aberrations in the system of my education, have been the cause of my deplorable success. As I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with you, Sir, and as I know not whether you will consider my case worthy your attention, it would be neither decent nor discreet to trouble you at present with the history of my earlier years; but, if this letter does not displease you, I promise to send you a succinct account of the education I have received, and of the unwarrantable liberties which my family and friends have taken with my moderate abilities and still more moderate acquirements.

It will suffice, for the present, just to state to you a few of the annoyances to which I am subject, some of the remedies I have unsuccessfully tried, and the real state of my talents and attainments. But you must excuse me if I throw my sentences together in a careless and unconnected manner; for though the name I subscribe is necessarily not mine own, still I am fearful of being detected by those about me, who are ever on the watch; I do not know what would befall me if they once found me capable of elegant composition. Were the society in which I mix (and which is the very best after the exclusives) less numerous or respectable, I should fancy that my troublesome renown might have arisen from the downright folly of my associates; but I visit in so many houses, and meet such a vast variety of talented persons, that I am confident this cannot be the case. Dinner-society,—the only society in London,—I am very fond of; but here, unfortunately, I am most successful; and I really am under some apprehension of being, ere long, regarded as one of the 'correct' at nearly twenty tables. Now, Sir, taking the average of these parties (exclusive of school-boys, medical attendants, and tutors) to be fourteen, there will hardly be a county in England where I shall not be mentioned by the end of July, as 'one of the cleverest young men about town.'

I have no objection to the dinners,—I mean the *materiel* part, (as philosophers say;) but, as I hate falsehood in any shape, I abhor the possession of a reputation to which I have no right; and I cannot help regarding myself as singularly unfortunate, since I have never heard a similar complaint from any man of my acquaintance. Every evening I feel myself 'perplexed in the extreme': the moment I enter a drawing-room I am annoyed by the *sotto voce* remarks of the ladies, and am sure to have some literary query put to me before I have finished my soup. It was only yesterday that I was asked if I had not a hand in the last Number of the 'Library of Useful Knowledge,' merely because I said I was a Member of the Society; and I overheard a gentleman, with a most inquisitive chin, inquiring my name, on my mentioning the comparative height of Etna and Vesuvius. The absurd reports that have been spread, as to my proficiency in the dead and living languages, expose me to continual uneasiness; and I actually sent an excuse to a lady last week, as she told me in her note that I 'must come, as Fanny has a passage in Dante, which she wishes you to explain.' My acquaintance with Greek and Latin has been on the decline ever since I left the sixth form of ——. Scraps of the modern languages I certainly picked up whilst the postilions were changing horses during my rapid tour in Germany and Italy. I remember that Corregio's 'Night' is at Dresden; I could tell a Carlo Dolce from a Salvador Rosa; and, perhaps, I know as much of the French, and their drama, as the Jupiter Tonans of 'The Quarterly Review'; but I have no pretensions to proficiency in any one branch of literature or the fine arts. Still I have the misery of being reckoned extremely well-informed, particularly on these points; and, whenever I have attempted to deceive my friends, I have been regarded as an extraordinary instance of self-denying modesty, to which quality I have as few real claims as to any other. Having found expostulation useless, I have been for some time past endeavouring to force my friends out of their conceits by the absurdity of my actions. I have had my name put up at four Clubs, although I belong to two already; I gave, not long ago, four hundred guineas for a horse I could not drive; I have shown myself at balls with a black neckcloth and white stockings, and have been known to purchase, and even read, 'The Literary Gazette'; yet, in spite of all this, the infatuation continues unabated, and I

fear that, as the doing silly things seems now-a-days no proof of folly, I have only to sit down contented with the reputation I enjoy, and endeavour to believe myself the very clever person the world supposes me to be.

I have heard there are many who do not scruple to do this;—why, then, should I? though to this hour it has always gone against my conscience; indeed, so much so, that I have lately taken to business, and quitted the learned profession I had entered, as it, in some degree, seemed to justify the assertions of my friends. But, as this affair belongs to past times, I shall not (as I said before) trespass further on your indulgence at present, hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus troubling you with my misfortunes, and trusting that my confidence in your kindness will be thought a sufficient apology for this intrusion.

April 24, 1828.

E. HUGH FITZ-SAPIO.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Newlyn, Truro, April 17, 1828.

SIR,—I have this moment read an extract, in your excellent 'Athenæum,' from 'The Life of Mansie Wauch.' It describes a feast given by a great lord to the Town Council, &c. The resemblance between this and an election dinner, in 'The Rural Rector,'—a sort of novel, which I had written full three years ago, but which still remains unpublished,—struck me with surprise. As it comes within your plan to print extracts from MSS., I doubt not that you will immediately find a place for the following. Yours, &c.

R. P.

An Election Dinner: from 'The Rural Rector,' a MS.

Introduced to a spacious drawing-room, about half-past four, as he was fearful of being too late, not considering that he should be deemed an intruder till five, Dr. Atherstane, and Caroline his dutiful daughter, saw all in elegant disorder; music-books, and patterns, and work-bags, and pamphlets, on chairs, and sofas, and tables, scattered promiscuously. There was an immense mirror on the north side of the room, from the top to the bottom, set in solid silver; and candelabras suspended from its ceiling, its rich silk crimson curtains, its cornices, its mouldings, and the depth of their gilding, its rose-wood chairs, and its ebony cabinets, had altogether an imposing effect on the good Rector's mind.

There was no sight or symptom of any preparations for dinner; not even a savoury odour making its escape from the kitchen; which, however distant, gives often, even in great houses, no unpleasant intimation of the approaching repast. All was silent and solitary, both within and without; till, through a glass door which opened into the lawn, and was now half open, the Rector and his daughter observed Helen, and two young ladies, rolling upon the grass that bordered a fountain, and jumping up and pursuing each other, and shifting apparently into various shapes, and flinging themselves down again with all the playfulness of that *humeur volatile* so characteristic of the French. The features of Helen, indeed, were scarcely discoverable under a large flat flounder hat which over-shadowed her whole person. The day had been extremely damp and cold; and, notwithstanding the familiarity of the ladies with the herbage at the fountain, Dr. Atherstane felt a chill from a current of air too moist for aged limbs. Yet he durst not close the door to the exclusion of the sportive nymphs. But Caroline, ever prompt in affectionate attentions to her father, and quick in apprehension, and rapid in her movements, ran out, and shutting the glass door after her, skipped over the turf with the agility of a fawn, and was, in a moment, at the feet of the hamadryads, who received her as an old acquaintance. Helen's companions had, one of them, the sickliness of a city complexion; the other, the dazzling brightness of an Aurora. Miss Isora Vernon was a drooping lily,—Mrs. Arabella Berkeley, a very young widow, was the sun-flower in full bloom.

So awkwardly premature was our Rector's occupation of a settee, that the servants had not yet entered the room to light up the candelabras. This was now done; and the first person (after Dr. Atherstane and his daughter, whom the flippant footmen had the honour of ushering in, was no less than the Mayor of Stretton,—a petty grocer it is true, but one who felt his consequence on three accounts,—as a Bell-school prize-fighter, as a club-reformer, and as the returning officer of the borough. He was accompanied by his niece, Miss Peggy Plumber, a

dark-looking damsel, and quite a skeleton in spite of her name. Her thick coarse hair was dangling on each side of her scraggy neck, like the uncombed mane of a cart-horse, and it was stuck with flowers that were surmounted with feathers. Miss Peggy had been extremely useful in canvassing the borough for 'Squire Raymond. Strutting into the room, with an air of vast importance, his worship flung a glance of disdain on our worthy Rector, whom he recognised as once a considerable customer, but now a stranger to his shop. At Mr. Mayor's heels crept in the Town-Clerk, a stout squat man, who, from his success in the Newfoundland cod-fishery, had been distinguished by the nickname of the *fishmonger*. The sneaking Town-Clerk kept his distance. But Mr. Mayor, advancing towards the great mirror, made a low obeisance—to his sweet self. The bow was at once returned,—and again he bowed; but, in the second act of humiliation, struck his head against the glass. The effect of the concussion, however, was little more than the violent ejection of a spring of jessamine from a button-hole of his coat. The worshipper, indeed, was somewhat stunned, and, staggering, looked round for a seat; and scarcely had he recovered his senses, before another strange anomaly appeared—the *electioneering parson*! After eying the Doctor and Caroline with a sheepishness that betrayed his character, he retreated to an ottoman, from which he immediately fell flat upon the carpet, and lay sprawling on his back; till the *ci-devant* butler of my Lord, with grins and grimaces, swaggering up the room, approached his fallen spiritual pastor, and laid him the right hand of fellowship, as he had done upon other emergencies at least of equal moment. We hesitate in noting, (because it is almost beneath our notice,) that here a young bandy-legged pragmatical mercer hopped in; followed at some distance by a conceited girl, who had won prizes in 'The Lady's Diary.'

Amidst these mishaps and miscarriages, and bouncings and boastings, the Audley family arrived, to the sensible relief of the Doctor and Caroline. And, almost at the same instant, Raymond entered, full of apologies, particularly to the doughty dispenser of prunes and politics. 'He had been detained at Stretton,' doubtless saluting the wives and daughters of smiths and cobblers, and seeing the supper-tables disposed in 'lucid order' for the evening.

I shall not offer my assistance in the presentation of the other guests, (some of whom will figure a little at the dining-table,) except in that of the old Marquis, who was, last of all, announced, and in whose elegant address it were not easy to recognise the hoon-companion of butchers or of coachmen.

At length the folding-doors were thrown open, when through 'the cold saloon' the dining-parlour beamed and steamed in fine perspective; there was exhibited 'a pairing off' which mocked all description. It reminded me of my friend Horace's heterogeneous conjunctions; especially when, at Raymond's bidding, his worship the grocer laid hold of a lady of fashion, one of Helen's London visitors; and the squat fishmonger, grizzled and sinpering, clung to the petticoats of the other—the fat young widow; and when the old Marquis caught amorously in his arms the grocer's charming niece, and, proud of the distinction, Miss Peggy pranced and shook her horse-hair tresses, and waved her various plumage!—'Why Flaccus, (whispered Peter Pierpoint in my ear,) Flaccus is quite prophetic:

"*Cervicem pictor equinam*

Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas"

And lo! the fishmonger, painted to the life, and eked out by his better half, the blazing beauty:

"*Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne*"

'Our limner Raymond has actually done wonders:

"*Undique collatis membris*"

Here Peter, perhaps, would have jumped into pews upon Members of Parliament, and possibly on collations: but the spicy exhalations from vianæ "*undique collatis*" were full soon to smother up his wit-cisms.

We have seen so much of the ridiculous from the collision of the high and low, that to 'memorize' the misadventures between the drawing and the dining-room, would be to impose, perhaps, on the patience of my readers. Yet I could not but cry; I could not refrain from tears of laughter, to see the passage of the guests through the saloon that intervened, (a Red Sea between Egypt and the Promised Land.) The oaken-floor of the saloon, without a carpet, had a waxen polished superficies, more slippery than a pool of ice; and, like gods and goddesses, there were some 'smooth-sliding without step,' whilst others tottered, tumbled, rolled, and floundered, like new-born calves, or fish flung upon the beach. All, however,—the Mayor recovering his

balance, and stamping most heroically; the little Town-
clerk crawling quite in character; Miss Peggy on the
floor, adjusting her petticoats that had quitted un-
doubtedly their post behind; P. Pierpoint treading
gingerly, as if on eggs; Coriander skating and cur-
taining; and Mr. Rames Batt ('the bat-erring ram')
flashing into the drawing-room head-foremost;—all got
at last, I verily believe, without a fracture or a con-
cussion, a scratch or a scar! And, looking archly
around him, Peter turned to Peggy with '*Εσπερι γυναι-
καί εσσι δυνες.*'

It was absurd to particularise the dinner, consisting
of a great variety of French dishes, flanked with French
wines, to the disgrace of good old English cheer. But
it was amusing to contrast the taste of many of the
guests with the dishes or the wines, especially to bring
the plain palates into contact with the Champagne, the
Vin de Grave, the Hock, the Chateau Margaux, the
Pachareti, the Mareschino. There was one man in
particular, who, quite out of his element, enter-
tained the lookers on, i. e. the insolent servants encir-
cling the table, with 'high comedy'—they said—I mean
the worshipful the Mayor, who, feeling Raymond's
obligation to him, would every now and then lay his
finger on the table, as if to assert his independence,
or rather his superiority; who, before the servants,
could take his plate, would stretch his arms over the
dishes to receive what he was helped; who would re-
tract a little, and, sitting at an awful distance, let half
be intended for his mouth fall short upon his clothes,
who would often plunge a morsel of meat into the sal-
cellar; who would heave a sigh after drinking, as if
his breath were gone in the draught; who would re-
peatedly pick his teeth with a fork; and who exclaimed
against 'the outlandish wines' *lato ore*: 'Shampain,'
said he, 'I like no shams! Tom Paine, if you will—
a man of my kidney—I can't but say.'

ENGRAVINGS.

*Portrait of Mademoiselle Sontag, after a Painting by
Carlotti. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

This is the best likeness we have yet seen of the fair
sanguine, who continues to draw crowded houses to
see as well as to hear her charms. It is still, however,
like all its predecessors, inferior to the original, which,
to do it justice, would require a work of a much higher
class of art than any yet employed for that purpose.

*Miss Hughes, as Reizid, in the Opera of 'Oberon.'
Engraved by Thomas Jones, after a Painting by W.
McCall. Moon, Boys, and Co. London, 1828.*

The style and figure of this lady is very elegant;
we think the face wants expression, and that the
mouth is badly done. It scarcely does justice to the
original.

*Mr. Garrick, at the age of 97. Drawn and Engraved
by R. Cruickshank. Knight. Sweating's Alley,
London, 1828.*

This is a striking picture of a very remarkable per-
sonage, and has all the character of verisimilitude.

*Outline of the British Army, in 1828. Lithographed by
M. Gucci, from original Drawings, by E. Hull.
John. No. 1, containing 9 prints, 9s. Engelmann
and Co. London, 1828.*

We have seldom seen Lithography more appropri-
ately employed than in the present work. It answers
all the purpose of the most expensive style of engraving,
and admits of the most brilliant colouring. The sub-
jects of the number before us are, the 42d Highland-
ers—the 15th Hussars—the Royal Horse Guards (red)
—the Royal Horse Guards (blue)—and the 3d Foot
Guards; each of which is given in a faithful and
spirited manner. The work can hardly fail to be ex-
tremely popular.

*Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from Oxford to
its mouth, illustrated by twenty-four highly-finished
and coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Ori-
ginal Drawings made on the spot. By William
Westall, A.R.A. Elephant 4to. No. 1. containing
four Views, and twenty-four pages of letter-press,
14s. Ackermann. London, 1828.*

The first Number of this new work is just issued,
and it gives promise of a very interesting series. The
Views chosen for this, are: 1. Windsor Castle,
from Eton. 2. Oxford, below the
Bridge. 3. Pope's Villa, Twickenham—all attractive
subjects, and all picturesquely treated. The letter-
press illustrations are sufficiently copious, and make
the work what it is intended to be, an appropriate
companion to the Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the
Seine, and the Ganges, already published.

MR. ARNOT.

'The London Weekly Review' has given insertion to a
letter, addressed to it by Mr. Arnot, in which are contained
the following imputations affecting the character of Mr. Buck-
ingham.

1st. That, after having published the extract respecting Mr.
Arnot, a letter of Sir J. Kinnaird, Mr. Buckingham had re-
fused to publish Mr. A.'s defence; thus condemning him unheard.

2ndly. That, in reply to an application made by a solicitor,
Mr. Kinnaird had asserted that he was no party to the publi-
cation of the Letter in 'The Athenæum,' and that to subse-
quent applications from the same solicitor, for an authenti-
cated copy of such letter, no answer had been returned; from
which it was to be inferred, either that the pretended letter
was a forgery, but that Mr. Kinnaird was unwilling to disavow
it; or that, if genuine, it was the result of delusions practised
on that gentleman, who had now changed his mind, but was
ashamed to acknowledge it.

The answer to these fresh calumnies will be very brief:

1st. What Mr. Arnot calls a defence, which was sent to 'The
Athenæum' to be published, was a long letter of several close
pages, recapitulating and reiterating nearly all the accusations
before submitted to jointly-approved arbiters, and before de-
cided on; on which ground it was rejected. But he was not,
therefore, condemned unheard, because the matters therein
detailed had been for many months under arbitration, and the
letter of Mr. Kinnaird was written after both sides had been
fairly examined and adjudged, as the letter itself, indeed, will
show. It would be as reasonable, therefore, to ask any paper
recording a verdict, to republish the whole of the evidence of
the trial, as to ask for publication in 'The Athenæum' of all
the details of a case, on which it professed to give only the
judgment of the arbiters to whom these details had been by
consent of both parties submitted.

2ndly. The answer given by Mr. Kinnaird to the application
of a solicitor, was literally correct, and such as any gentle-
man so applied to would naturally have given. The letter,
an extract from which was published, having, with many
others, been given to Mr. Buckingham for the purpose of self-
defence, if necessary, it was used without making any person
but himself a party to the publication, as he wished not to in-
volve any one but himself in the legal responsibilities of such a
step. If Mr. Kinnaird had not written such a letter, he would,
of course, have instantly said so; but he very naturally re-
ferred questions coming through a solicitor, to a similar pro-
fessional adviser, as this is the only way in which they deserve
to be treated: and the knowledge that these legal steps had
been taken, formed an additional reason for refusing to re-
iterate calumnies of Mr. Arnot's place in 'The Athenæum.'
He had taken his measures through the law; and by that,
if he proceeds, he will be fully met. He will then have all
the publicity he can desire.

But, to close a controversy, which, through no fault of ours,
has become so painfully personal as to be no longer fit for such
a medium as this, we beg to append two short extracts from
letters in Mr. Arnot's own handwriting, and therefore not
subject to any doubt as to their authenticity. They are both,
too, of a date subsequent to the letter of Mr. Kinnaird, (which
was the 1st of May, 1827), and may therefore be considered as
corroborating what has gone before them. The first is an
extract of a letter, addressed by Mr. Arnot to Mr. Douglas
Kinnaird, and delivered to that gentleman by Mr. Hunt, jun.,
on the 27th of July, 1827. It is as follows:

'23, Leicester Square, July 23, 1827.

'Sir,—As the unfortunate difference between Mr. J. S. Buck-
ingham and me, which lately came under your cognizance
and that of Mr. John Hunt, originally submitted to the Hon.
Colonel Stanhope and Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, has now been dis-
posed of, by the former of these gentlemen having, at last,
given his final opinion, with which, though it differs from that
of my friend Dr. Gilchrist, in the absence of the latter, I am
willing to comply,—I embrace this opportunity to express my
regret at the irritation which was excited in my mind during
the suspense which occurred, and the violent expressions and
exaggerated charges used against Mr. Buckingham, in my
correspondence with India, which, on mature reflection, I am
sensible cannot be justified—charges, resting as they did partly
on report, and partly on passion, which I AM NOW SORRY I
EVER LISTENED TO OR BELIEVED, AND STILL MORE SO TO
HAVE CIRCULATED THEM.'

The second is of still later date, and, after the matters now
revived had lain dormant for nearly a year, it accompanied
a communication sent for 'The Oriental Herald,' and is as
follows:

'23, Leicester Square, Feb. 23, 1828.

'As a constant reader of 'The Oriental Herald,' Mr. Arnot
takes the liberty of directing the attention of its Editor to the
letter signed 'An Observer,' at page 311 of the accompany-
ing file of 'The Bengal Chronicle.' The argument there
used is equally, if not more, applicable to the case of Mr.
Buckingham, who may fairly claim the merit of having warned
the Government of this danger nearly seven years ago.

'These being matters which affect the public interests, Mr.
A. hopes no private differences will interfere with the dis-
cussion and statement of them, in the manner the Editor of
'The Oriental Herald' is alone able to do with effect.

'A few other Indian papers are also sent, in the hope that they
may be useful to that work, to which similar aid would have
been uniformly tendered, but for the representations of an in-
dividual who now proves himself to have been the ENEMY OF
BOTH THE PARTIES HE PRETENDED TO SERVE, AND TO HAVE
SPLIT THEM FOR HIS OWN PRIVATE PURPOSES.'

After the evidence of such documents as these, both subse-
quent to the date of the letter adverted to, and both in the hand-
writing of Mr. Arnot himself, we are sure we need not waste
another word in refuting calumnies so contemptible, but leave
Mr. Banks, Mr. Arnot, and Mr. St. John, who have each
equally just cause of quarrel with us, and who are so worthy
of the sympathy and support of each other, to the consoling
reflection of having themselves contributed, by evidence under
their own hands, to stamp their names with what they, per-
sonally, may deem honourable distinction, and who, whether
others may so deem it or not, they are sure, for a season at
least, to enjoy.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, the East India Gazetteer; containing parti-
cular descriptions of the Empires, Kingdoms, Principalities,
Provinces, Cities, Towns, Districts, Fortresses, Harbours,
Rivers, Lakes, &c. of Hindoostan, and the adjacent Countries,
India beyond the Ganges, and the Eastern Archipelago; to-
gether with sketches of the Manners, Customs, Institutions,
Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Revenues, Population,
Castes, Religion, History, &c., of their various Inhabitants.
By Walter Hamilton. Second edition, greatly enlarged and
improved, and brought down to the end of 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.
Speedily will be published, a Statement relative to Seram-
pore, supplementary to 'The Brief Memoir,' with an Introduc-
tion, by the Rev. John Foster.

In a few days will be published, in one volume, post 8vo.,
'Three Days at Killarney,' with other Poems. By the Rev.
Charles Hoyle.

'The Prima Donna, a Tale of To-day,' is now ready.
Algebraic Exercises, being nearly 1000 new Problems in
Algebra. By Henry Oatley, author of 'A Popular Introduction
to Algebra,' will appear to-morrow.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Irving on Baptism, 8s. 8vo., 7s.
Bishop Marsh's Lectures on the Bible, new edition, containing
the first four parts of his Theological Lectures, 8vo., 14s.
Holford on the Penitentiary at Millbank, 8vo., 12s.
Jerram's Tribute, fifth edition, 6s.
Wilson's Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, 12s.
Skelton's Engraved Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxford-
shire, from drawings by F. Mackenzie, with Descriptive No-
tices, imperial 4to., 7l. 7s.; proofs, on India paper, 10l. 10s.
Skelton's Oxonia Illustrata, 2 vols., imperial 4to., 12l. 12s.
Skelton's Ancient Arms and Armour, imperial 4to., Nos. I. to
IX., 9s. 6d. each number.
Warren on the Square Roots of Negative Quantities, 8vo., 5s.
Rev. John Carr's Synopsis of Practical Philosophy, 8vo., 12s.
The Tables of Logarithms, (separately), 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Marriott's Sermons on the Signs of the Times, 8vo., 6s.
Village Incidents, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Mrs. Stevens's Prayers, royal 18mo., 3s.
Budd on Baptism, 12mo., second edition, 6s.
Maria's Legacy, or the Experience of a Suffering Christian,
by John Greaves, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Memoir of Catherine Brown, a Christian Indian, by Rufus
Andrews, A.M., 18mo., 1s. 6d.
An Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible, by James
Townley, D.D., 12mo., 6s.
Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost, 3 vols., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Watts's Poetical Album, post 8vo., 12s.
Brown's Ada and other Poems, 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Taylor's Glenaplin, 2 vols., 12mo., 16s. 6d.
Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras, 4to., 1l. 5s.
Elmer Castle, a Roman Catholic Story, second edition, 18mo.,
3s. 6d.
A Visit to My Birth-place, by the author of 'Early Recollections,'
&c., 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt,
second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 38s., with portraits.
The Croppy, a Tale of 1798, by the author of 'The O'Hara
Tales,' 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Roman Catholic Priest, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. 5, 1l. 7s.
The English in France, by the Author of 'The English in Italy,'
3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Martin's Geological Memoir on a Part of Sussex, 4to., 1l.
Jerram's Treatise on the Atonement, 8vo., 9s.
Religious Discourses, by a Layman, demy 8vo., 4s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	April.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Temperature registered at 4 A.M. and 4 P.M.		A.M. P.M.	At Noon.			
Mon. 21	50°	45°	29. 40	N.E.	Fair.	Nimb. Cirr.
Tues. 22	45	45	29. 30	S.W.	Rain.	Mon. Cirr.
Wed. 23	47	48	29. 44	Do.	Rain.	Do.
Thur. 24	61	54	29. 45	S.	Fair.	Do.
Frid. 25	57	54	29. 50	S.W.	Rain.	Do.
Satur. 26	58	56	29. 70	W.	Clear.	Cumulo-str
Sun. 27	62	55	30. 65	W to S.W.	Serene.	Cum. Cirr.

Nights rainy, except on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.
Mornings fair, except on Tuesday and Monday. Cold, heavy
dew on Sunday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogee on Monday.
The Sun and Uranus 3 signs distant on Tuesday.
The Sun's place on Sunday 7° 9' 49" in Taurus.
Length of day on ditto, 14 h. and 32 min.

This day is published, in 12mo., price 6s. boards.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE THROUGH
FRANCE, ITALY, AND SWITZERLAND; or the best
Method of Travelling on the Continent pointed out in a Tour
through the above Countries.

By JOHN WILLES JOHNSON, Commander, R.N.
London: published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and
Green; Weller, Cheltenham; Duffield, Bath.

In one vol. post 8vo.,

THE PRIMA DONNA.
A TALE OF TO-DAY.

"She plays to-night, and, therefore, pours along
To the bright Theatre a motley throng
Though laughing looks around her light lips play,
A ravishing vulture eats her heart away:
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast
But once to her more near than all the rest."

KENNEDY.

Printed for Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library,
26, Holles-street, Cavendish Square.

Of may be had, just published,
DE LISLE, or THE SENSITIVE MAN, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
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NEALE. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

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 —Etherege.

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'Are not they in the actual practice of guile, who care not
 whether they are thought guilty or not?'—Spectator.

CLORINDA; or CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD MAID. 3 vols.
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Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit street, will publish early
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